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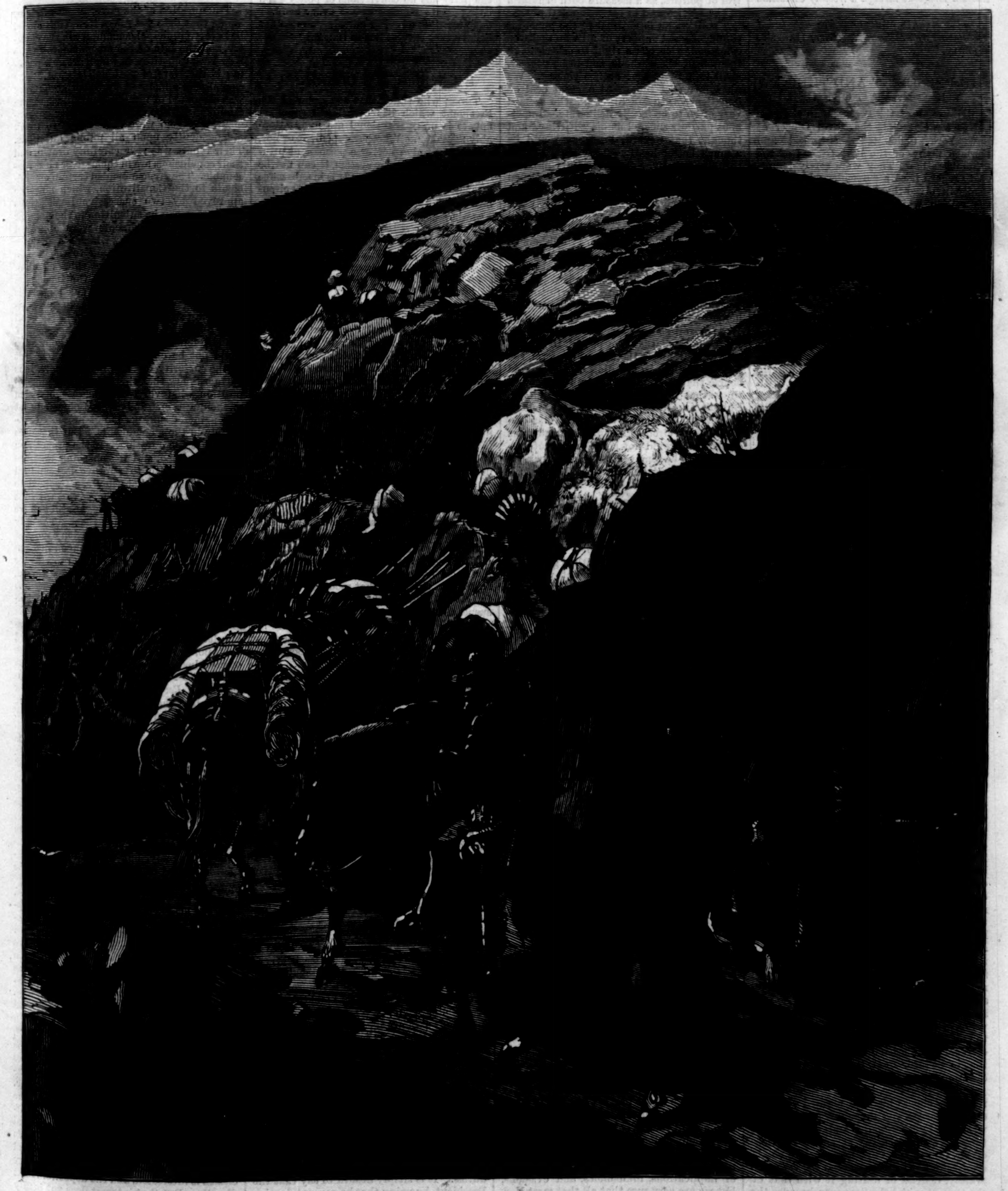

DEAD MULE TRAIL, IDAHO.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN ARMY OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 29, 1877.

*In the* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *will be found several interesting and spirited sketches of scenes in the Eastern War, showing the firing of the last gun at the siege of Kars, the dreadful massacres at Yeni Zara, in Bulgaria, the death of the Russian Colonel* Rosenbaum, *at the Battle of Plevna, and a charge of Russian Dragoons through a troop of Circassian Cavalry.*

*An* Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

## THE PRESIDENT AND THE NEW YORK NAVAL OFFICER.

The action of the President in the case of Mr. Cornell, the Naval Officer at New York, undoubtedly surprised and alarmed many of the best friends of the Administration. They were sorely tempted to regard it as a surrender which practically involved the discredit and defeat of the reform which had been undertaken. It would, indeed, have been difficult to take any other view if the statement telegraphed from Washington had been true, that the contemplated removal was not because of disobedience to the order of June 22. But there is no reason to believe this, for it implies a cowardice of which the President has shown no sign whatever; and we wish to show why those who have had entire confidence in his purpose and courage should not now distrust either. It will certainly be conceded that the man who nominated the present cabinet and quietly maintained the nomination, and who, with the same unquailing but undefiant tenacity, renounced the military policy in the Southern States, has shown both a sagacity and a courage that are not likely suddenly to desert him in another contest. It is therefore only just to assert that cowardice can not fairly be assumed, but must plainly appear before it can be acknowledged. And, again, it must be granted that we have no right to demand of the President, so long as we trust his purpose and believe in his courage, that he shall act precisely in the way and at the time that we might have chosen. In the present instance we confess for ourselves that we should have taken a different course, but we are by no means sure that it would have been a wiser course.

What, then, are the facts? The President issued his order, and Mr. Cornell, we have no doubt with advised deliberation, openly defied and violated it. The President had said in effect that such violation would result in removal. That is all that he said; and when Mr. Cornell violated the order, the President announced that he would be removed when the Senate should next be in session and his successor could be confirmed. The President has never said nor implied that he would remove the next day nor in any other manner than that which should seem to him, upon the whole, most desirable; and so long as he does what we all agree ought to be done, he may certainly be allowed, without suspicion, to do it in his own way. In this instance the only ground upon which cowardice can be imputed to him is unwillingness to risk the hostility of Senator Conkling. But if the condition of Senator Conkling's support of the Administration, as—we trust very unjustly to him—seems to be assumed, is the retention of his friend Mr. Cornell, the President has promptly taken the risk by announcing that Mr. Cornell will be removed. It is plainly, therefore, not fear of Senator Conkling that postpones the actual removal. We certainly can not assume to speak for the President, but we are very sure that, while he has no desire for controversy, he is no more unwilling to encounter the hostility of Senator Conkling upon the civil service question than he was to meet that of Senator Blaine upon the Southern question.

Unless, therefore, it be a cowardly surrender to choose his own method of enforcing the order, the President is very much wronged by the doubt and denunciation that have followed his action in the case of Mr. Cornell. It is, however, we think, a mistake not to have treated the case separately, instead of uniting it with that of the Collector and the Surveyor, because the reasons of removal in those cases are not the same. We understand the cause of action in the change in the Collectorship and in the non-renewal of the commission of the Surveyor to be an intended change of system, of which those gentlemen, from want of hearty conviction, could not be efficient and satisfactory agents. This is the ground upon which we have constantly urged a change. But in the case of the Naval Officer the immediate reason is a studied course of action which the President had authoritatively announced would be ground of removal. This case should have been kept separate. But Mr. Cornell's conduct, as showing how personal honesty and even official efficiency may co-exist with a spirit and conduct that neutralize reform, is a complete justification of the wisdom of all the contemplated changes.

So long as the President, who unquestionably finds himself surrounded with difficulties of many kinds, clearly pursues his purpose of destroying the office-holding control of politics, as a measure both of reform in the service and of elevating and purifying politics, he is entitled to the generous confidence and support of all who seek the same end. He has a right to ask us to be tolerant of his methods, and to be patient, until it is plain that he has yielded. We remember that there was a great deal of impatience with Mr. Lincoln, who seemed very often to be fatally deliberate. Impetuous patriots sneered at his "drifting," and thought that General Fremont would be a much better leader. They were hot for turning out Mr. Seward. Mr. Greeley, among others, was exceedingly dissatisfied with the policy that the President "seemed to be pursuing." Mr. Lincoln quietly answered, "I shall do *less* whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do *more* whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause." Amid the general impatience even of good and patriotic men he held his deliberate way. "I am only six weeks behind you, Mr. Sumner," he said, with his sad and weary smile. Did he betray us? Did he surrender the cause? Were we all so very much wiser than he? After some months have passed, if it shall appear that, under the name of reform, the Administration is pursuing the same old course that it condemns, it will be time to think that the President has surrendered. But his announcement that a conspicuous and highly befriended officer who has disregarded his circular, and other conspicuous officers who could not heartily promote reform, are to be removed within six weeks, is certainly not adequate proof of a disposition to surrender.

## HOW NOT TO DO IT.

The Pennsylvania Republican Convention says that the President's motives in his Southern action are doubtless good, and it hopes that all will turn out well. It speaks of the President, indeed, exactly as the New York Republican Convention might speak of Governor Robinson. No Republican would probably deny that the Governor is honest and, according to his light, patriotic, and no good citizen can wish that his administration should be injurious to the State. But if Republicans had sustained President Lincoln in that manner, the war might have had a different result. Nothing, indeed, could show more plainly than the Pennsylvania platforms of both parties how seriously both parties are disturbed. The Republicans virtually turn the cold shoulder to the President, demand the restoration of the old silver dollar, and favor a protective tariff, while they are silent upon a reform of the civil service. This is certainly not a national Republican platform. It shows, possibly, what the Pennsylvania Republicans think and wish, but it does not state principles and a policy in which all Republicans agree.

When, therefore, we hear the New York Convention urged to avoid irritating differences of opinion, and to stand together upon a broad declaration of the great principles of the party, we look with interest to see what is meant. But as yet we do not see. That the United States are not a league, but a national Union; that the equal rights of all citizens should be lawfully protected; that government should be economical and efficient; that speedy return to specie payment is desirable; and that Democratic ascendency is to be deplored—are sound doctrines, and worthy of all acceptance. But is it really supposed that the Republicans of New York, in a Convention which actually represents the intelligence and sagacity and courage of the party, will gravely agree upon such a manifesto, and point to it as the platform of the party? The Maine Republican Convention adopted a statement of prodigious length, containing the substance of many speeches and arguments, and full of implications, innuendoes, and evasions, but we are very sure that all that most New York Republicans remember of the Maine platform is that it did not support the President.

That is merely to say that the public observes what a party platform says of matters in which it is interested, and takes no account of the padding. The voters of New York are naturally interested in the currency question, in the reform of the civil service, in the tariff, and in knowing whether the President's course in the Southern States is approved by his party. They will therefore look to see what the Convention says upon these subjects. They are also interested in the proposed amendments to the State Constitution and in the State apportionment, and they will not fail to await attentively the voice of the Convention upon those questions. But if they shall see only a declaration of faith in principles which are really not contested, or not in a way which New York can influence, or a solemn proclamation of truisms, they will be strongly inclined to conclude either that the party has no convictions or policy upon living issues which interest every body, or none to speak of. For ourselves, we do not believe that success lies in that direction.

## MR. WEBSTER'S CIRCULAR.

Those who think that the order of the President which has occasioned so much debate is unconstitutional are unquestionably mistaken. Whether expedient or not, whether sound or not, as a permanent principle under a popular system, it can not be assailed constitutionally. It is in substance a repetition of President Harrison's circular, in which he says:

> "I will remove no incumbent from office who has faithfully and honestly acquitted himself of the duties of his office, except in cases where such officer has been guilty of active partisanship, or by secret means—the less manly and therefore the more objectionable—has given his official influence to the purposes of party, thereby bringing the patronage of the government in conflict with the freedom of elections."

This was written and countersigned by Daniel Webster, who was not accustomed to attest unconstitutional documents; and it is precisely the substance and the ground of the President's circular of June 22, 1877. This last circular defines more distinctly what is meant by official interference with the freedom of elections, and therefore is less restrictive than that of Mr. Webster.

The First Congress decided that the President had the power of removal without explanation, and subject only to the corrective of impeachment. Madison, as we have heretofore stated, declared that an arbitrary exercise of the power for personal and not public reasons should subject a President to impeachment. But Congress and the country have not agreed with Madison. The power of removal was wantonly exercised by Jackson, and was never restricted until Congress passed the tenure of office law to curb Andrew Johnson in 1867. The restriction was somewhat modified to gratify General Grant, but the President who suspends an officer during the absence of the Senate must report his reasons, and if they are not satisfactory, the removal does not take place. The question has been often the subject of angry discussion. Congress, the Supreme Court, and the great commentators have all expressed themselves, and all agree that the power is with the President, subject, now, to the conditions of the tenure of office law. It will be conceded that negligence, corruption, incapacity, are all sufficient justification for removal, and that no constitutional objection could be raised. But it is said that these are just causes, because they directly affect the discharge of official duty, while the acts alleged by the President are wholly out of the range of such duty, and if the officer is faithful and competent and efficient in his office and during office hours, his conduct elsewhere and at other times can not lawfully or justly be considered a ground of removal, especially if that conduct be merely the discharge of the political duties incumbent on every American citizen.

But if it be a just and constitutional exercise of the removing power to remove a man because he is lazy in his office, it is certainly not unfair or unconstitutional to remove him because he uses his office to destroy the freedom of elections and to corrupt or intimidate voters. The objection fails because it assumes that when the technical duties and hours of the office are satisfied, the officer leaves the office behind him. But he does not, and he can not. The collector and the postmaster in the caucus, or convention, or committee, are still the postmaster and the collector, with all their power of patronage, of reward and punishment, and they are in a position to do infinitely more harm, both to injure the public service and to degrade political morals, than when they are merely inefficient in their official duties. It is simply absurd to say that the President, knowing that he can not deprive them of their patronage, and that it is constantly used for corrupt purposes, may not prevent the abuse in the only way open to him, and that is by a direct prohibition, under pain of removal. When Congress chooses to take from the local office-holders the immense advantages they have over all other citizens in the management of politics, such a prohibition may be regarded as unjust, but not until then. If the President is satisfied that the active participation of office-holders in political party organizations tends, under existing circumstances, to interfere with the freedom of elections and the honesty of politics, and to demoralize the public service, and turn it into a party brokerage, it is his plain duty to forbid it. His order strikes at a great evil and a great danger in the sole practical way that is open to him, and the best sentiment of the country, as we believe, sustains him.

## VOTING IN CITIES.

The question of the government of cities is one that does not affect New York alone, but every municipal community in the country, and the fate of the amendments to the New York Constitution which are now pending is therefore of national interest. The commission appointed by Governor Tilden was composed of intelligent men, who were familiar with the conditions of city government, and who were accustomed to think independently upon all public questions. Their report was very carefully drawn, and their conclusions are in themselves most reasonable. They recommended certain amendments to the Constitution, which must be approved by two successive Legislatures before they can be submitted to the popular vote. These amendments were approved by the last Legislature, which was Republican, and their submission to the people will be an issue in the approaching election. The Republicans favor and the Democrats oppose it. The important amendment is that in regard to the suffrage, the proposition being substantially that property shall have a leading voice in the management of the city finances. Inasmuch as the change could not be effected without the consent of the majority of the present voters, it is extraordinary that there should be any opposition whatever to the mere submission of the question. It has been objected that this point of suffrage is not presented separately in the amendments. But that does not affect the question. If the proposition is badly stated, and if something that the voters may wish to approve is combined with something that they are resolved to defeat, the consequences must rest with the commission. The people ought still to have the chance of voting upon them. The only real juggle in such a submission is of the kind that the Democrats arranged in Kansas, where the voter was obliged to vote for slavery with or without the Constitution. Total opposition to submission was there the only true course. But this case is wholly different.

The Republican Convention will probably declare for the submission, and should that policy prevail, the question will be opened before the people upon its merits. Meanwhile Mr. Sterne's article in the *International Review*, and Mr. Bowles's paper read before the Social Science Association, will be very useful to every honest inquirer. Mr. Sterne was a member of the commission, and his statement of the reason of the proposition is clear and admirable. Mr. Bowles considers the general question of the relations of State and city government without reference to any specific proposition. But his plain discrimination of the nature of the two governments is a valuable service. Mr. Tilden, also, in the message recommending the appointment of the commission, vaguely, but evidently with conviction, hinted at the conclusion which the commission has reached.

The argument of Mr. Sterne is, in brief, that the management of a city is not properly a government, but a corporate administration of property interests. It deals with property, not with personal rights. It makes police and sanitary rules, but it can impose but a small fine. Its main concerns are the laying out of streets, paving, lighting, sewerage; and although every body has an interest in the proper management of these affairs, the thriftless do not feel it enough to affect their conduct. On the other hand, the State commands personal service at the risk of life, regulates contracts, determines rights with reference to all relations, imprisoning for wrongs, and even taking life. Therefore in elections for State officers the possession of property should make no difference, because the State affects personal rights and action whether the person holds property or not. But a city is to be likened to a bank, in whose financial stability every citizen is interested, and the depositors most directly. But that interest does not justify a claim to take part in the management of the bank; that is intrusted to the owners of stock. So the lives of conductors and brakemen upon a railroad would be imperiled by its bad management; but if for that reason they should be allowed to vote for directors, the proprietary interest would be ruined, and the road would fall into decay. The management of the road is a certain kind of government, but it is a government that relates so largely to property interests that its control by the suffrage of every body in any degree affected by the control would be confessedly absurd. This argument, which is essentially sound, is an appeal to reason, and it will be opposed by every kind of appeal to prejudice and passion. But there could be no surer test of the soundness of the popular system than the decision of the voters, after a candid discussion, that the general welfare would be promoted by a limitation of suffrage for certain purposes. The simple assumption that the voters will never, upon any consideration or for any purpose, consent to limit the suffrage, is the flat denial of that general intelligence which is the justification of universal suffrage.

## THIERS AND GAMBETTA.

The entire tranquillity with which the funeral of Thiers was conducted is exceedingly significant. It is another of the signs that the French are learning the self-control without which a republic is impossible. The time is one of intense and universal political excitement in France. An election which is held to involve the continuance of the republic is pending. There are cabals and conspiracies of priests and legitimists and Bonapartists, and the republicans distrust the intention of M'Mahon. There are all the inflammable conditions under which an event like that of the burial of a leader has been heretofore enough to kindle the country into a flame. But the man whose death is more of a political event than that of any other Frenchman, or of any other European except Bismarck, could be, dies and is buried, and Paris is thronged, and speeches are delivered, and the day ends in perfect peace. Doubtless there were soldiers at hand. But there are always soldiers at hand in Paris. It is plain that the republican leaders have great ascendency over their followers, and those leaders are in the present emergency singularly wise.

The death of Thiers leaves Gambetta the republican chief. He has certainly shown great address and great ability. There has undoubtedly been a feeling that he represented the impulse and Thiers the restraint of the movement. But it is equally clear that his good sense and discretion vindicate his claim to leadership. French republicanism in 1877, with Gambetta at its head, is very much more promising than French republicanism in 1848, with Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Armand Marrast as its chiefs. It was then apparently all rhetoric and rhapsody. But it has been severely disciplined since. Sincere republicanism in France has been confronted with the Commune, and has been compelled to declare to itself whether that is what it means. The unquestioned leadership of Thiers is the answer—Thiers, who in 1848 was a suspected reactionary. Laboulaye, who said despairingly a dozen years ago that Frenchmen conceded no rights to a minority, would now agree that the situation is at least hopeful. Gambetta can not be classed with Lamartine or Castelar; and since Thiers is gone, he is the most important political figure in France.

## THE WAR AND THE PRESS.

The press is not backward in celebrating the power and enterprise of the press, but a recent illustration of that enterprise is worthy of record. The immense importance of the newspaper representations of the Russian and Turkish war is shown by the anxiety of the military authorities to obtain the certificate of the correspondents to the allegation of atrocities in Bulgaria. The fullness and picturesqueness of the correspondence in the London papers are striking, and some of the papers have sent their body of correspondents to the seat of war with a lavishness of appointment like that of an embassy. The real ability and accomplishment of many of the correspondents and the expense of their employment throw unexpected light upon the active competition and the resources of the London journals. There is some disposition among us to suppose that the London newspapers are very "slow" and "fogy," and we recall a great many suggestions that they lack the wit and smart paragraph of our own free and happy press. But whoever is familiar with the daily, weekly, and monthly press in England will cheerfully admit that for an effete despotism it is exceedingly respectable.

A correspondent of the *Daily News*, Mr. Archibald Forbes, has apparently achieved the great newspaper feat of the present war, and, so to speak, has unhorsed Dr. Russell, "our own" of the *Times*, by the spirit and brilliancy and amazing promptness of his reports. It will be remembered that simultaneously with the news of the Turkish victory at Plevna we read the actual details of the battle, and in a very animated and vivid style. This was the report of Mr. Forbes, twenty hours in the saddle, and riding hard with the retreating Russians as he wrote. When he actually put pencil to paper is not very clear, but the result is evident and brilliant. His story was comparatively brief, crisp, and broad. The outline of the general movement was distinctly sketched, and the "coloring" was very effective. The only report of a similar character during our own war that we recall was that of Mr. Smalley, of the *Tribune*, from Antietam. Perhaps even at this writing the lightning hand of Mr. Forbes has drawn a photograph of the same kind of the last assault of Plevna, which is apparently to be the historic name, possibly the Turkish Sedan, of this war.

Later operations seem to show that the disasters of the Russians were mainly due to recklessness, bred of contempt of the enemy, and an apparent lack of skillful resistance. But since the defeat at Plevna they have made a most heroic fight. The struggle in the Balkans, of which our illustrations have evidently given an admirably faithful impression, showed a tenacity and courage that foretell the final result of the war. The Turks were well led, and fought with desperation and with the impulse of the success at Plevna. But they will hardly fight so well again. When the tide turns, and it is now apparently turning, they will lose heart, and the general conviction will be that they can not recover the spirit which they have shown during the last month. Meanwhile the speech of Lord Granville, who was Foreign Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Administration, shows that he does not differ from his old chief in his view of the Turks, and treats with utter contempt the theory that British India is endangered by Russian successes. This indicates that there is a well-organized party which will continue to restrain any "Mohammedan" tendencies in the British Government.

## THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

Those who are of opinion that war and famine will always sufficiently reduce the population must feel that current events tend to justify them. For while the losses in the Russian and Turkish war are enormous, the famine in Southern India is terrible. The accounts from that country are appalling. "The railway," says a correspondent in Mysore, "is taxed to its utmost limit, and is bringing four thousand tons of grain a week into the province; but as this will only feed a million and a half of people, the other three millions and a half in Mysore must starve, as all the stores of grain in the country are exhausted. Already the sufferings of the people are awful. There is a regular service organized, in addition to the police, to keep the streets of Bangalore clear of the dead and dying, but outside the municipal limits dead bodies are lying in all directions; the lower castes are cooking and eating the bodies." Mysore is under British administration, and it is supposed that half its population will perish. The rain has failed for several successive seasons. In Madras nearly a million of people were dependent at the last accounts on relief works, and another million were fed gratuitously. Cattle are perishing, and an indescribable calamity has overtaken the country.

Famine in India is periodical, and those who hold that it is a providential provision for depleting overpopulation must also suppose that no human means can prevent it. The condition of swarms of the people who live upon a bare sustenance is such that they sink by thousands under any privation. It is estimated that the whole power and energy of the Government must now be supplemented by profuse private aid to save even a few of the victims. The Lord Mayor of London has appealed to the public generosity, and the *Times*, in alluding to the fact, says that at the moment nothing is to be done but to help without stint, and when the fear of the immediate death of a people has passed, the methods of prevention must be considered. It seems to think that the remedy does not lie in huge store-houses of grain, but in promoting easy and rapid communications, so that the supply of one part of the country may be made available in another. And unless British sympathy with the Turk has touched British intelligence with Turkish fatalism, it will not leave this problem long unsolved.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Emerson's house at Concord, Massachusetts, is just outside the village, at the intersection of the old road to Boston with that to Lexington. It is a large square building, painted white, with a generous supply of windows and chimneys. A roomy barn stands near the house, and behind lies a little farm of a dozen acres. The whole external appearance of the place suggests old-fashioned comfort and hospitality. Within the house the flavor of antiquity is still more noticeable: old pictures look down from the walls; quaint blue and white china holds the simple dinner; old furniture brings to mind the generations of the past. Just at the right, as you enter, is Mr. Emerson's library—a large square room, plainly furnished, but made pleasant by pictures and sunshine. The homely shelves which line the walls are well filled with books. There is a lack of showy covers or rich bindings, and each volume seems to have soberly grown old in constant service. Mr. Emerson's study is a quiet room up stairs, and there each day he is steadily at work, despite advancing years.

—Cambridge, the seat of Harvard College, has 40,000 people, and over a hundred who pay more than $1000 a year in taxes. Among the richest are Professor Alexander E. R. Agassiz, president of one of the copper-mining companies on the shores of Lake Superior, who pays $3557; Longfellow, the poet, who pays $2633; and ex-Mayor J. Warner Merrill, who pays $4606 on the profits of yeast powder.

—Miss Helen Magill, daughter of Dr. Magill, president of Swarthmore College, is the only lady who ever graduated from the Boston Latin School; she received last summer the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Boston University. Miss Magill has just sailed for Europe, to continue her studies in philology and science at Cambridge and in Germany.

—Our principal tar, Secretary Thompson, is a wag. One of his recitals is called "the hatchway joke," and this is how he tells it: "In one of my visits of inspection it was said that I was asked to define the proper dimensions of a hatchway, and I replied, 'That depends upon the size of the hen and the number of eggs she is to sit on.'"

—The Rev. Samuel Nott, D.D., who died at ninety-eight, was a quaint old divine, having been pastor of one church in Franklin, Connecticut, for seventy years. In his early days he would write out his sermons and commit them to memory. When past ninety-five he preached without variation a sermon he had committed to memory forty or fifty years before, and in the afternoon he preached the very same sermon to the same congregation, remembering the sermon itself to the letter, but utterly forgetting that he had preached it in the former part of the day. When his granddaughter, whom he always called "daughter," said, "Father, do you know that you repeated this afternoon the sermon you preached this morning?" he saw it at once. But mentally as active and as playful as ever, he had no idea of admitting it, and so said, "Why, daughter, how can you be so mistaken?" "But, father, you did, and all the congregation know it." "Daughter," he replied, "was the bread you made last week the same as you made this?" "Why, no, of course not." "But," he continued, "it was made out of the same flour, from the same barrel, in the same way, and baked in the same oven; and I rather think it must have been just so with my sermon."

—Lieutenant Willard Young (a son of Brigham Young), who graduated with distinction at West Point last year, and is now a second lieutenant of the Engineer Corps, and stationed at Willet's Point, is said to have received not long since a gift of $100,000 from his father. He now comes in for a share of the estate.

—Robert Schuyler, a great-grandson of Philip Schuyler, renowned in the history of New York, resides at Troy. He was a captain during the rebellion, and was dangerously wounded in a fight with Mosby's guerrillas. When taken prisoner, Mosby, after learning his genealogy, treated him with the greatest kindness, and had him specially cared for until his recovery. Mr. Schuyler is now in somewhat straitened circumstances, his wounds having greatly incapacitated him for business.

—Mr. Ruskin, the consummate flower of English refinement in the way of writing and painting combined, lives in a comfortable country house, rises early, and writes for three hours before his guests are down. We haven't many Ruskins in the U. S.—men with fortunes inherited and a taste for literature and art—who have had such success in each as to have achieved fame, and whose social position, even in exacting England, leaves nothing to be desired. "After breakfast Mr. Ruskin retires to his study to answer numerous letters or complete some piece of unfinished work, or will go out on to the hill, perhaps, and make a delicately finished study of rock and grass for the engraver's hand to copy. Between one and six o'clock the tourist in the Lakes may see a slight figure dressed in a gray frock-coat (which the people round, ignorant of Ascot, believe unique), and wearing the bright blue tie so familiar to audiences at Oxford and elsewhere, walking about the quiet lanes, sitting down by the harbor's side, or rowing on the water. The back is somewhat bent, the light brown hair straight and long, the whiskers scarcely showing signs of eight-and-fifty summers numbered, and the spectator need not be surprised at the determined energy with which a boat is brought to shore or pushed out into the lake." That is what Edmund Yates says about him, and we take it at that.

—Mr. James T. Fields tells this neat story of an aged Bostonian: The venerable gentleman had never read Shakspeare's plays, and was advised to do so during the winter then approaching. In the spring the giver of the advice casually asked if he had read any of the plays. Yes, he had read them all. "Do you like them?" ventured G——, feeling his way anxiously to an opinion. "Like them!" replied the old man, with effusive ardor; "that is not the word, Sir. They are glorious, Sir; far beyond my expectation! There are not twenty men in Boston, Sir, who could have written those plays!"

—Mr. John Hoey's greenhouses at Long Branch are among the most costly and extensive, as well as most perfect, in the United States. They have cost about $30,000, one of them having been brought from the Vienna Exposition at an expense of $8000. One greenhouse contains twelve sections, each seventy-five feet long; another is 400 feet by eighty. There are over two millions of plants, and forty or fifty men are employed about the gardens. A single rare Chinese plant was imported by Mr. H. at a cost of $600.

—Countess Waldegrave, who is regarded as one of the cleverest society women in London, is a daughter of Braham, the famous vocalist, who visited America some fifty years ago. James Gordon Bennett, Sen., was godfather to one of her sons. The countess is very rich and hospitable, and likes especially to entertain clever women from the United States.

—Mrs. Charlotte Harris's recent bequest of 11,000 volumes is now on the shelves of the Charlestown Library.

—Mr. Thomas Hedley, a lawyer of Newton, England, has bequeathed upward of $1,000,000 for the endowment of a bishopric for the county of Northumberland.

—It is said that Alexandre Dumas charges fourteen per cent. interest when he lends money, and then turns around and writes, "Let us use our money to make people happy."

—Mr. Healy, who lives in Paris, has painted a portrait of Prince Bismarck, which is considered so excellent a likeness by the Prince's wife that she has commissioned Mr. Healy to make a replica. The original was painted for Mr. Washburne.

—The London *Athenæum* points out that Patti can take nothing by her last suit for nullification of the marriage, because, even if the priest who married her to M. De Caux were not licensed, the fact would not be material. In the French courts marriage is held to be essentially a civil contract, and Patti was duly married at the French Embassy at London, July 27, 1868, her witnesses being the Duke of Manchester and Sir Michael Costa.

—"The Pope he leads a merry life," according to the Roman correspondent of the *Nord*, and is also a bit of a wag. He lately received a visit from a foreign lady, who told him that, owing to a painful affection in one of her legs, she had been advised to have it amputated. Whether from his laundress or through other agency does not appear, but she succeeded in obtaining a pair of his Holiness's stockings, one of which she put on her leg, instead of having it taken off, and was miraculously cured. On mentioning this to the Pope with thanks, he replied, "Rather thank Providence, my daughter; it has been kinder to you than to me. *One* of my stockings has cured you; I put on *two* every day, and can hardly walk a yard."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Maine election, September 10, resulted in a Republican triumph. Connor's plurality for Governor was over 11,000. This makes the twenty-second consecutive Republican victory in Maine.

The Wisconsin Republicans have nominated Mr. William E. Smith, of Milwaukee, for Governor.

Yellow fever prevails at Jacksonville, Florida, and Savannah, Georgia.

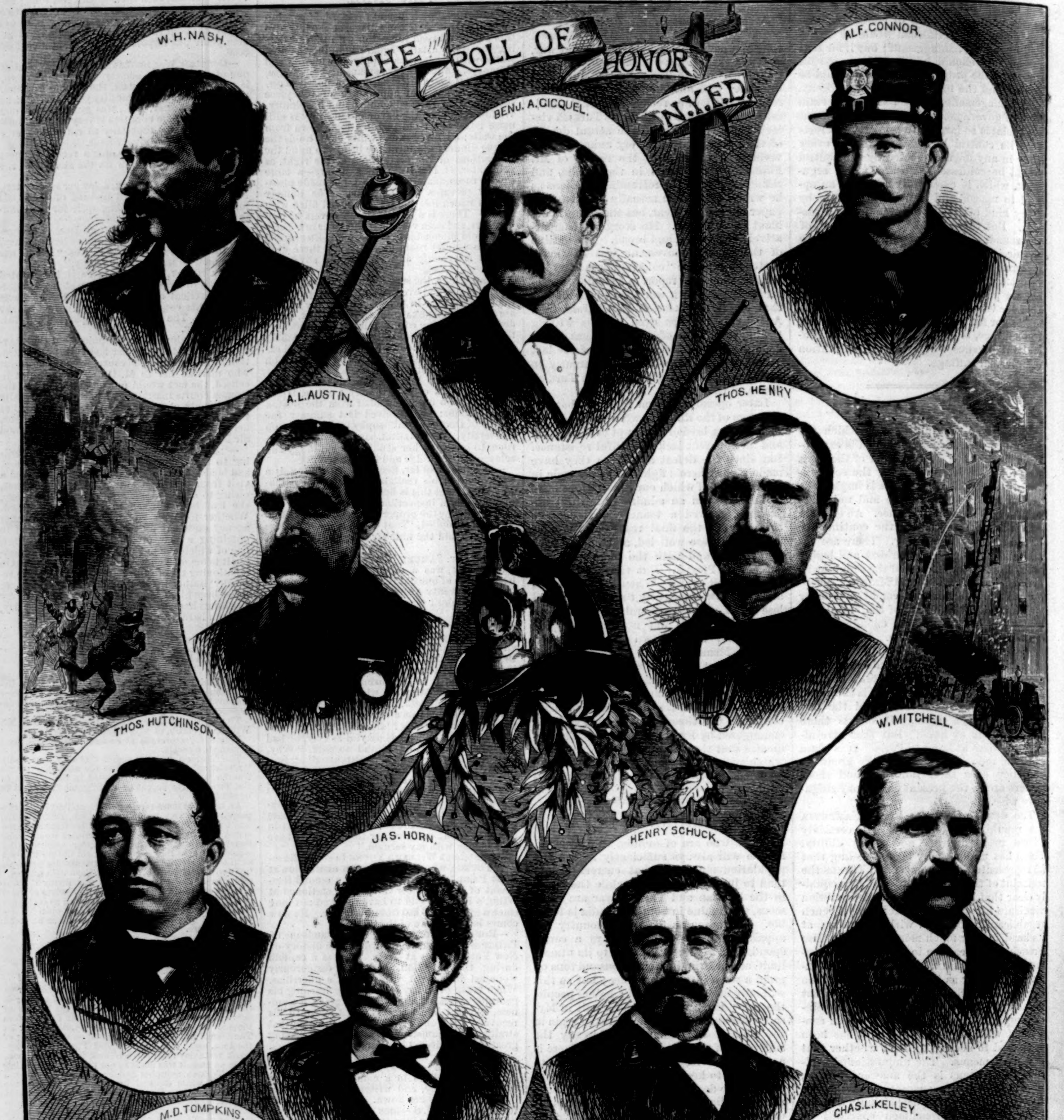
The Mormon Apostles report that they have had a "revelation" to the effect that the authority of the Church is to be hereafter invested in the quorum of the Twelve. No successor to Brigham Young is to be elected.

An immense mass-meeting of the colliery hands employed in the vicinity of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, was held September 14. A committee from Scranton stated that unless the Schuylkill miners would assist their unfortunate brethren in Upper Luzerne, they would starve, as they certainly would not go to work until they received an advance of twenty-five per cent. "We will not succumb, if we drop dead with hunger," said one of the committee. It was finally decided that the committee should station themselves at three or four collieries the next afternoon, and as each man received his month's pay he should tear open his envelope and give the committee as much as he could possibly spare.

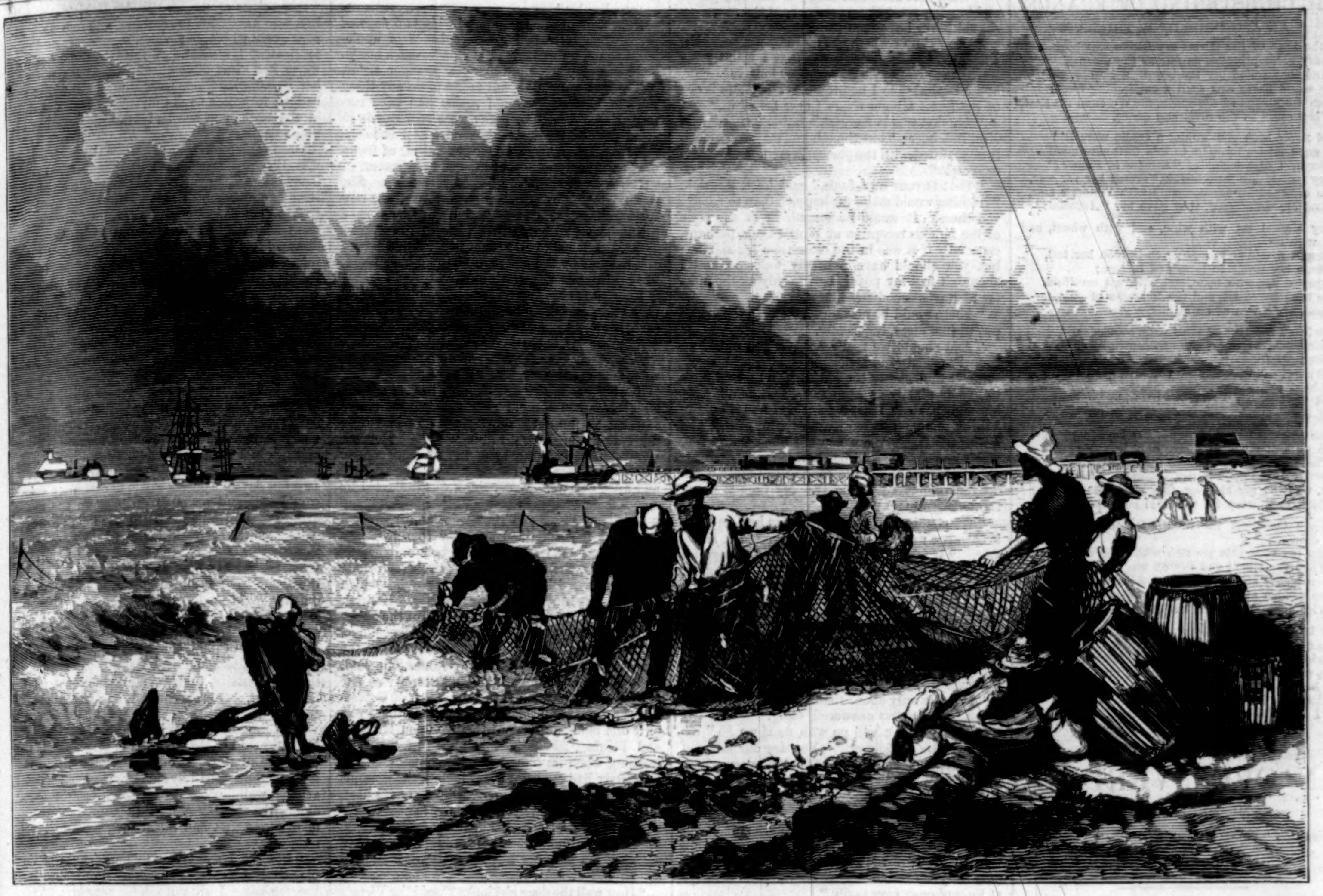
## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: The most important news from the seat of war in Bulgaria at the time of writing is that of the capture by the Russians of the heights of Grivica, the strongest position of Osman Pasha before Plevna. This took place on Tuesday, September 11. The official Russian dispatch, dated on the evening of the 12th, says: "We cannonaded Plevna from daybreak yesterday until three o'clock in the afternoon, when an assault was made by our troops. By evening three Turkish redoubts had been taken by General Skobeleff, while General Rodionoff had carried the Grivica redoubt. General Rodionoff was wounded slightly. Adjutant Schlitar, commander of the Seventeenth Infantry Regiment, and General Dobrowolsky, chief of the Third Rifle Brigade, were killed. Six Russian battalions and one Roumanian battalion took part in the assault on the Grivica redoubt. We captured two standards and five guns. Our losses in wounded alone exceed 5000 men; the number killed has not been ascertained. At daybreak to-day a vigorous artillery fire was recommenced along the whole line. Our troops are in front of the Turkish fortifications, in the positions taken yesterday."—These positions were partially recovered by the Turks on the following day.—The London *Daily News* correspondent, writing from the Russian head-quarters under date of Wednesday morning, September 12, appears to have been still unaware of any decided Russian successes, for he says: "The Emperor and the Grand Duke Nicholas were on the battle-field until nine o'clock last night. The Emperor returned to head-quarters here [Poredin] late last night. The battle-field of the last five days is silent this morning. There is talk of submitting the Turkish position to a regular siege, and sapping up the redoubts while a close blockade is instituted with the intent to starve Osman Pasha's forces. The villages inclosed within Osman Pasha's lines are full of supplies for the simple wants of the Turkish soldiers, and the fields groan with heavy crops of maize. The losses this morning are spoken of here as about 5000 to 6000, but there are no details. The Emperor this morning has gone back to the battle-field to visit his soldiers."—The Khedive of Egypt will send a further contingent of troops to Turkey.—The situation in Armenia remains unchanged.

General News: On the night of September 11 the British ship *Avalanche*, from London for New Zealand, collided with the British ship *Forest*, from London for New York, off Portland, and both vessels foundered. One hundred and four persons were drowned. The *Forest* had a crew numbering twenty-one; her captain, the chief mate, and seven others were saved. The *Avalanche* had a crew of thirty-two, and sixty-three passengers; the third officer and two seamen only were saved.—The funeral of M. Thiers took place September 8. There was a large procession, but every thing passed off in the most quiet manner. The principal oration was made by M. Jules Simon.—M. Gambetta has been sentenced to pay a fine of 2500 francs and to three months' imprisonment. If carried out, this sentence, by a rigid construction of law, will deprive him of all civil rights for five years. The case will be appealed.—Legal proceedings have been commenced against *Le Bien Public* and *Le Gaulois*, Paris newspapers, for reporting Gambetta's trial.


THE ROLL OF HONOR
N.Y.F.D.
W.H. NASH.
BENJ. A. GICQUEL.
ALF. CONNOR.
A.L. AUSTIN.
THOS. HENRY
THOS. HUTCHINSON.
W. MITCHELL.
JAS. HORN.
HENRY SCHUCK.
M.D. TOMPKINS.
CHAS. L. KELLEY.
ENDOWED BY A FUND CONTRIBUTED BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT
PRESENTED TO
IN APPRECIATION OF MERITORIOUS PERFORMANCE OF DUTY AS A FIREMAN.
TRUSTEES

THE BENNETT MEDALISTS.—Photographed by Rockwood, New York.—[See Page 763.]

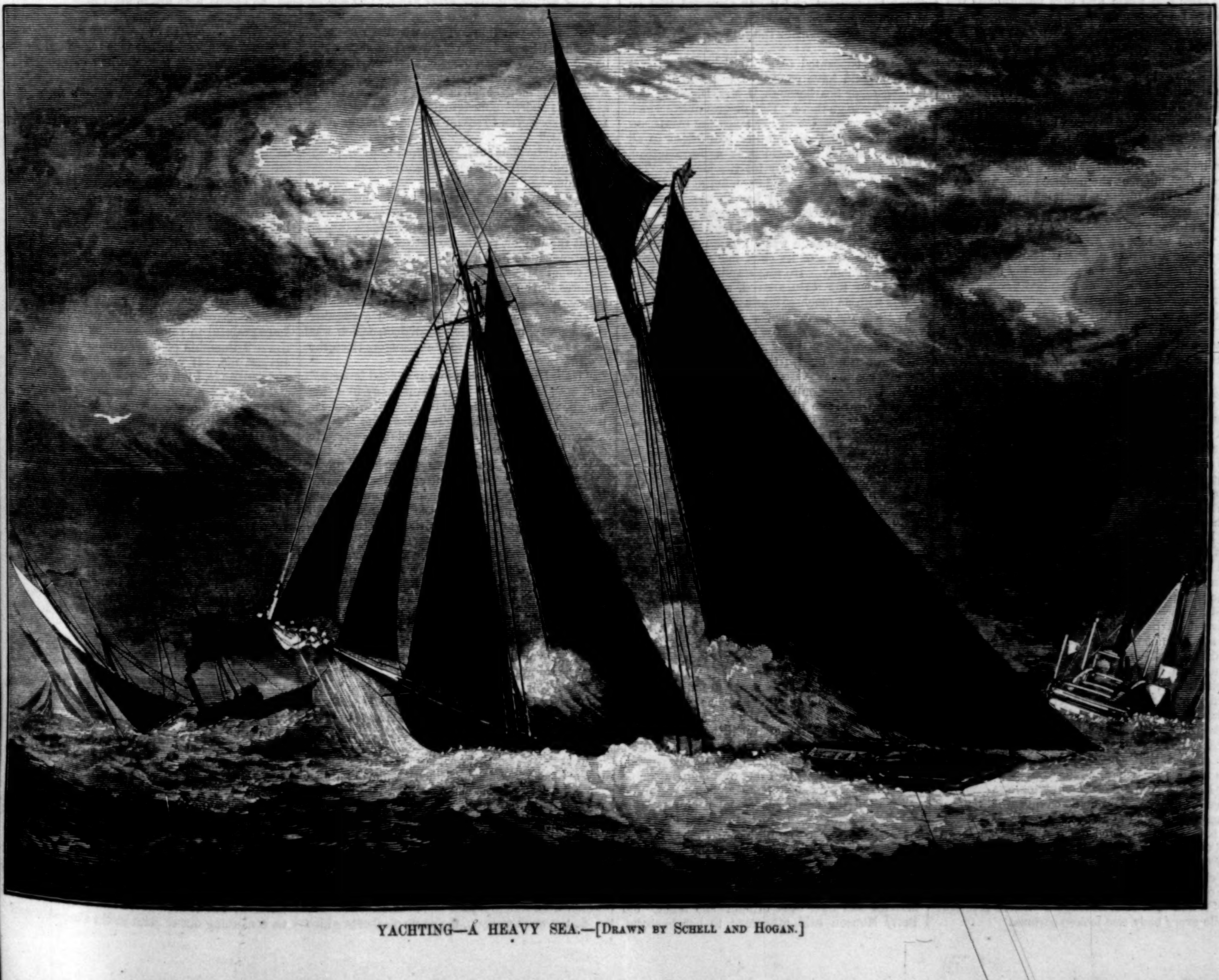


"CROKER" FISHING IN THE DELAWARE.—[Drawn by Schell and Hogan.]

## "CROKER" FISHING.

Early in August the inhabitants of the little town of Lewes, which lies on the beautiful Delaware Bay, turn out in force for the business of "croker" fishing. The first thing is to drive stakes in the water at some distance from the shore. On these stakes long nets are stretched, and allowed to hang straight down into the water for several hours. Then they are drawn in, sometimes bringing in a catch of over three hundred "crokers," varying from eight to ten inches in length. This fish bears some resemblance to the porgy, and is very palatable.

During the months of August and September, when "crokers" are most plentiful in Delaware Bay, this fishery constitutes the main business of the people of that region, and no meal is complete without its dish of "crokers." Lewes is situated opposite the Delaware Breakwater, about two miles inside of Cape Henlopen. The inhabitants are mostly fishermen—salty and tarry toilers of the sea; and the town will probably always remain quiet and old-fashioned.



YACHTING—A HEAVY SEA.—[Drawn by Schell and Hogan.]

## THE CHRISTENING OF FRANCE.

### AN APOLOGUE OF M. THIERS.

In the time of the fairies a princess was born—
A very great princess, as fair as the morn—
And they called her the beautiful France.
The world never saw such a christening feast:
From the North and the South, the West and the East,
They came to the revel and dance.

And never such gifts round a cradle were laid
As good fairies brought to this fortunate maid—
Brought with songs of "*Salut à la France!*"
They named her "Invincible," armed her for war,
And crowned all her pennants with Victory's star,
And for watchword, they gave her "*Advance!*"

They blessed her with wine, and with wheat, and with oil,
Brought music and laughter to lighten her toil,
Made her lovely in form and in face;
Endowed her with taste, and with wit manifold,
The beauties of art, and the treasures of gold,
And the charm of an exquisite grace.

Alas! in the midst of the feasting and dance,
There stood by the cradle of beautiful France
Such a fairy as no one had seen;
The guests whispered low, "Twelve good fairies are here,
And the twelve are enough; it's unlucky, we fear,
If the twelve should be changed to thirteen."

Then the stranger said, sadly, "O beautiful child!
The gifts of my sisters have only beguiled;
There is woe unto France for my sake.
Though all the good fairies a blessing have brought,
Yet, wanting my blessing, they all are as naught:
Thou shalt weep for the fatal mistake.

"When Conquest the wreath for thy brows shall entwine,
When thy vineyards are rich with juice of the vine,
When thy wheat and thy oil are in store,
When plenty and splendor and riches are won—
Then sudden and swift shall thy work be undone,
With contentions and war at thy door."

She turned, full of sadness, majestic and grave.
The child in its cradle—like Hercules brave—
Cried, "Unveil, my good fairy! Advance!
Say, what is thy name?" Then she raised her grand head,
And slowly departing, half-scornfully said,
"I am *Wisdom*, unfortunate France!"

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

# AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"A SMILE OF THINE SHALL MAKE MY BLISS."

By what serpentine twists and windings Bella Scratchell reached the end she had in view need not be recorded. She was by nature a creature of many curves, and all her progress in life was devious and indirect. Enough that she succeeded in making Beatrix Harefield believe her lost lover false and fickle, and thus undermined the girl's respect for the man who had renounced her. So long as Beatrix could believe that Cyril had sacrificed his heart's desire to his duty as a priest and teacher, she would have continued to reverence and love him. Present or absent, he would have remained the one central figure in her life. From the moment she was persuaded to think him the shallow lover of a day—or, indeed, worse than this, a lover who had been drawn to her by the lure of her wealth, and who at the bottom of his heart had always preferred Bella's lilies and roses—from that moment she despised him, and concentrated all the forces of her mind in the endeavor to forget him.

"I will never pray for him or his work again," she vowed to herself, and the vow had all the savagery of a pagan oath. "His name shall never pass my lips or find a place in my heart. It shall be to me as if such a man had never lived."

From this time there was a marked change in her manner. It was brighter, gayer, harder than it had been before. That mournful resignation which had distinguished her since her father's death gave place to a proud indifference, a careless scorn of all things and all men, save the few friends she liked and trusted. That disgust at life which attacks most of us at odd times in our lives, and which sometimes afflicts even the young, had seized upon her. All things in this world were hateful to her. Solomon, sated with wealth and glory, could not have felt emptiness of earthly joys more deeply than this girl of nineteen, whose lips had scarcely touched the cup of life. She knew herself rich, and with all good things at her disposal—beautiful enough to command the love and worship of men; and yet, because that one man whom she loved had proved false and unworthy, she turned with a sickened soul from all that earth held of hope or pleasure, and, unhappily, had not yet learned to look higher for comfort. She was not irreligious. She firmly believed all her Church taught her to believe; but she had not learned, like Hezekiah, to lay her trouble before the Lord. She locked up her grief in her own heart, as something apart from her spiritual life; and she went on conforming outwardly to all the duties of religion, but deriving no inward solace from her faith.

Beatrix was in this mood when Mrs. Dulcimer, delighted at Bella's speedy success, but opining nevertheless that something more must be done, was seized with a happy idea.

"Kenrick," she exclaimed at tea one evening, when Kenrick had announced his intention of going to have one more peep at Culverhouse Castle before he embarked on board the Peninsular and Oriental steam-ship that was to carry him on the first stage to India. "Kenrick," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, with an excited air, "I really think it is the oddest thing in the world!"

"What, dear Mrs. Dulcimer?" asked Kenrick, while every body else looked curious.

"Why, that after knowing you all these years, and hearing you talk so much about the place, we should never have seen Culverhouse Castle."

"I don't know whom you mean by we," said Mr. Dulcimer, "but I beg to say that I spent three weeks at Culverhouse in one of my long vacations, and a capital time I had there. The Avon is one of the finest salmon rivers I ever fished in."

"Ah, that was in Kenrick's father's time," said Mrs. Dulcimer; "but though you may be perfectly acquainted with the place, Clement, I have never seen it."

"That is your own fault," exclaimed Kenrick. "Nothing would make me happier than to receive you there. It would be something in the style of the famous reception at Wolf's Crag, perhaps, especially if it was in the close time for salmon; but you should have a hearty welcome, and I shouldn't feel my position so keenly as the Master of Ravenswood felt his."

"There would be no Lucy Ashton in the case," put in the Vicar, innocently.

"And should we really not put you out if we came?" asked Mrs. Dulcimer.

"Not the least in the world. You would have to live as plainly as Eton boys, that is all. My housekeeper can roast a joint and boil a potato. I think she might even manage a bit of fish and a rhubarb tart. We would not quite starve you, and I know you would be charmed with the dear old place; but if you are coming you must make up your minds very quickly. My time is up on the twenty-fourth."

"We could make up our minds in half an hour, if Clement would consent," answered Mrs. Dulcimer. "It would be such a delightful change for Beatrix. Mr. Namby has been recommending her a change of air and scene for ever so long, and it is much too cold for the sea-side. A week in Hampshire would do her a world of good."

"Pray do not think of me," said Beatrix. "I had rather go home while you are away."

"I thought this was your home now, Beatrix," remonstrated the Vicar.

"It is the only house that has ever seemed like home," the heiress answered, sadly.

"Of course you will go with us if we go," exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer. "You are our adopted daughter, and we expect you to go every where with us. We don't even consult you. It is quite a matter of course. I have set my heart on seeing Culverhouse Castle, and the visit will be the very thing to do you good. I am sure Mr. Namby would say so if I asked him about it. So, Clement dear, if you could get Mr. Rodger to do duty for just one Sunday, we might spend ten days at Culverhouse very easily."

Mr. Rodger was the new curate, a painstaking youth, with sandy hair and a large round face like the setting sun.

Mr. Dulcimer was at first disinclined to listen to his wife's suggestions. The journey was long and expensive, and there seemed to be no justifiable reason for undertaking it; but the Vicar was an indulgent husband, and he was very fond of salmon fishing, so the discussion ended by his giving his consent, and it was arranged that he and the two ladies should join Sir Kenrick at the castle two days after the young man's arrival there.

Beatrix consented to go to Culverhouse, just as she would have consented to go to Buxton, Harrogate, or Scarborough, if Mrs. Dulcimer had wished her to go there. That disgust of life which had taken possession of her since the overthrow of her faith in Cyril left her indifferent to all things. She let her maid pack a portmanteau, and get all things ready for the journey. The girl, Mary, who had waited upon her at the Water House, had accompanied her to the Vicarage. She was not an accomplished attendant, but she was faithful, and Beatrix liked her.

Culverhouse Castle was six miles from a railway station—one of its chief merits, as Kenrick asserted, proudly. He was standing on the platform when the train arrived, and received his guests with as much enthusiasm as if he had not seen them for a year or so. He had a carriage ready to drive them across to Culverhouse.

It was a lovely drive in the spring evening, the sun setting behind the wooded hills, and all the soft rustic scene steeped in warm yellow light. Culverhouse was on the edge of the New Forest, and the road from the station to the castle went through a region of alternate pasture and woodland. Meadows and banks were yellow with primroses; the earliest ferns were showing their tender green; the dog-violets shone like jewels among the grass; and the woods were full of white windflowers that shivered at every whisper of the April breeze. To Beatrix it all seemed very lovely. She breathed more freely in this unknown world, where nobody had ever spoken evil of her. There was an infinite relief in having left Little Yafford.

When Culverhouse Castle rose before them on the other side of the river, Beatrix thought it the loveliest place she had ever seen. The Avon widened to a smooth lake, and beyond it rose the grave old Gothic towers, like a castle in a fairy tale. Beatrix turned to Kenrick with the kindest smile she had ever bestowed upon him.

"It is a delicious old place," she exclaimed. "I can not wonder that you are proud of it."

Kenrick was delighted. His face glowed with pride of race and love for the house of his birth. They were driving through the little village street, all the old men and women, young men and maidens, doing them obeisance as they passed. Then they crossed the bridge and drove under the gateway, which was a couple of centuries older than the castle itself, and a minute later Kenrick passed into the banquet hall of his ancestors, with Beatrix on his arm. He had offered his arm to Mrs. Dulcimer, but that match-making matron had bidden him take care of Miss Harefield, so he had the happiness of leading Beatrix across the threshold. "Jest as if they'd been married and he'd been bringin' she home," old Betty Mopson said afterward to her husband, gardener and man-of-all-work. "Her be a rare beauty, her be."

Kenrick had done wonders in his two days of preparation. He had got in a brace of apple-faced young woman from the village, one a housemaid out of place, the other her younger sister, still on her promotion, but ready to do any thing she was bidden. The old rooms had been furbished up. Traces of decay were still visible in every part of the house, but dust and cobwebs had been swept away, and a general air of freshness and purity pervaded the good old rooms.

Beatrix was enraptured with every thing. She seemed to forget her sorrows amidst these new surroundings. Her life had been spent in a prison-house, and this first taste of liberty was sweet. After all, perhaps, even for her, deserted and cast off by the one man she had ever loved, life held something worth having.

Kenrick led his young guest all round the ruins next morning, before breakfast. They were both early risers, and had found each other in the garden before Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer had left their rooms. They went into the cloistered quadrangle, where the roses flourished in summer-time, and where now the wall-flowers flashed golden and ruby upon the old gray stones, with colors as vivid as the old stained glass that had once filled the place with rainbow light. Kenrick showed Beatrix the plan of the vanished abbey—the nave here, the transept there, the chancel and apse beyond. Every thing was indicated by stones embedded at intervals in the close-cropped turf, where the sheep browsed happily, unconscious of the sanctified splendor that had preceded them—the white-robed choir and swinging censers, the banners and jeweled crosiers, that had passed beneath the Gothic arches which had once spanned that fair pasture. Kenrick seemed as sorry for the evanishment of the abbey as if he had been a Romanist of the deepest dye.

"It is dreadful to think that a great part of the castle is built out of the abbey stones," he said. "I sometimes wonder it doesn't tumble on our heads. But tradition says the monks of Culverhouse were lazy and ignorant, and that there was only one book, an ancient treatise upon Hunting and Fishing, found in this abode of monastic learning when its treasures were confiscated."

Beatrix had explored every inch of the grounds before the long-disused gong, which, in days past, had called poor lonely Lady Culverhouse to her anchorite repasts, sounded hoarsely from the hall. Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer were standing in the porch, scenting the morning air, when Kenrick and his companion went in.

"How well the dear girl looks!" said the Vicar's wife.

"The change has done her good already. You are enjoying Culverhouse, are you not, Beatrix?"

"I am very glad to be away from Little Yafford," Beatrix answered, frankly.

"In that case you ought never to go back," said Kenrick.

"What a selfish remark!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, hypocritically. "How do you suppose I am to exist without Beatrix, after having had her as my adopted daughter for the last three months?"

"What do you think of the weather for salmon fishing?" asked the Vicar, contemplating the bright blue sky with a discontented look that was hardly becoming in a Christian. "We could do with a little more cloud, couldn't we, Ken? But, as time is short, we must make the best of things. I shall expect you to set off with me directly after breakfast."

"I shall be delighted," answered Kenrick; but he did not mean to give up his entire day to salmon fishing.

He contrived to set the Vicar going in a spot where there was every chance of good sport, and then, under the pretense of having orders to give about the dinner, ran home across the low-lying water-meadows like a boy let loose from school. He found Mrs. Dulcimer expounding the chief features of the castle, which she had never seen before, to Beatrix, while Betty Mopson stood by, in attendance upon them, and made a running commentary, in a Hampshire dialect, which was like a foreign language to the strangers from the north.

"Hah, Lady Culverhouse wur a good 'ooman," said Mrs. Mopson. "Thur beant many like she. This be the room where hur died. Her wur a rale lady. And Sir Kenrick, him takes after she."

Kenrick came in time to hear his praises. He sent Betty back to her kitchen.

"We shall not get a decent luncheon if you waste all your morning chattering here, Betty," he said, and Betty departed, grinning and ducking, and with a fixed idea that the young lady with the dark "haiyur" was to be the next Lady Culverhouse.

Kenrick spent a happy day in attendance upon the two ladies. He forgot every thing in the intoxicating delight of the present, forgot that this holiday in life was to be of the briefest, and that a fortnight hence he was to be tossing off Gibraltar in a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. Beatrix seemed happy also, or at least she appeared to be in a condition of placid contentment which was not unpromising.

The Vicar was successful with his rod, and came home radiant. Betty Mopson had surpassed herself in the preparation of a substantial English dinner. Every thing went smoothly and well with Sir Kenrick.

Next day he carried off his guests to see some of the lions of the neighborhood: a fine old abbey church sorely neglected; a castle where luckless King Charles had spent a night in safe-keeping. Beatrix, who felt the unreasoning pity which all young and generous minds feel for that ill-used Stuart, contemplated the gloomy stone walls as if they had witnessed the heroic doom of an early Christian martyr. Then came the long drive home through the spring twilight, across woods which were like glimpses of Paradise.

So the week wore on, in simple pleasures which might have seemed tame and dull to those world-weary spirits of the Sir Charles Coldstream calibre, who have done every thing, and found emptiness every where, but which were sweet and new to Beatrix Harefield. A faint bloom began to warm her clear olive cheek, the dark depths of her Italian eyes shone with a new light. Yet she had not forgotten Cyril Culverhouse, nor one drop in the bitter cup she had drained since her father's death.

One evening after dinner, while the golden glow was still warm in the west, and the crescent moon looked like a fairy boat adrift in an opal sea, Beatrix and her host found themselves alone together in the cloistered garden. Until this moment Kenrick had not said one word about his disappointed hopes. His conduct had been perfect. He had been full of flattering attentions for his young guest; he had anticipated her every wish, devoted every free moment of his day to paying her homage; but he had never put on the air of a lover, or insinuated a hope that could alarm her with the idea that Culverhouse Castle was a trap in which she was to be caught unawares.

He had his views and his hopes all the same, in spite of her unqualified rejection a few weeks ago. And now she had been a guest in his house nearly a fortnight, and she was looking happier and brighter than he had ever known her to look. His brief span of delight was nearly at an end. In a few days his guests would depart, the steamer would sail, and he must go back to the weary drudgery yonder under the dense blue of a Bengal sky: the early drill, the monotonous days, the narrow society, the blank sense of exile from all that is best and brightest in life. If the game were to be won ever, it must be won quickly.

It may have been some soft influence in sky or earth, the magic of the hour, that moved him to take the awful plunge this evening. His chances of being quite alone with Beatrix were few, and this opportunity, which came by accident, might be the last. However it was, he resolved to cast the die.

This time he told no long story about his love. He had said his say that March afternoon, in the Vicarage library. He only took Beatrix by the hand as they stood idly side by side, looking down at the wall-flowers and polyanthuses growing among the old gray stones—the capitals and bases of columns that had fallen long ago—and said, earnestly,

"Beatrix, I want you to be mistress of this place. I will not say another word about my love for you. I will not ask for your love. That, I hope and believe, would come to me in good time, if you were my wife, for it would be the business of my life to win it. I want you to come and reign at Culverhouse. Let me be your steward—your servant."

"You place yourself too low and me too high," answered Beatrix, sadly. She had not withdrawn her hand, and Kenrick's heart thrilled with a new-born hope. "You forget my tainted name. Kind as the people here are to me, I dare say there is not one among them who does not know that I have been suspected of poisoning my father."

The pained look in her face told Kenrick how bitter this thought was, and how ever-present in her mind.

"They know nothing except that you are the loveliest and noblest of woman," said Kenrick. "My love, my love, do not reject me. You can give me fortune to restore the glory of a good old name, to bring back to this place the pride and hospitality and usefulness of days gone by, and I can give you nothing in exchange save love and reverence. It is hardly a fair bargain, perhaps; yet I am bold enough to press my suit, for I believe that you and I could be happy together."

After a pause of a few minutes, and a long-drawn sigh, Beatrix answered him with a sweet seriousness that to him seemed simply adorable.

"I had my dream of a very different life," she said, "but that dream was rudely broken. I like you, Sir Kenrick, because you have trusted me; I am grateful to you because you have never let the evil thoughts of others influence your mind against me. If you can be content with liking and gratitude, I am content to be your wife."

There was a tone of resignation rather than happiness in this acceptance, but it lifted Kenrick into the seventh heaven of delight.

"Dearest, you have made me almost mad with joy!" he cried. "You shall never regret—no, love; God helping me—you shall never regret your sweet consent of this blissful evening."

He drew her to his heart, and kissed the tremulous lips which shrunk from him with an involuntary recoil. How cold those lips were! If he had kissed her in her coffin, that kiss could hardly have been colder.

He remembered somebody's famous saying, "It is best to begin with a little aversion."

"With God's grace I will make her love me before I die," he said to himself, and he kept his word.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"OH, BREAK, MY HEART!—POOR BANKRUPT, BREAK AT ONCE!"

Cyril Culverhouse had entered upon a career of unceasing toil. He had given himself scanty rest or respite at Little Yafford, though it was a place where most curates would have taken life easily; but at Bridford he learned, for the first time, what work means in an overcrowded, sorely neglected manufacturing town. The ignorances and abuses which he found rampant in those noisome back slums and overcrowded alleys which lay hidden behind the outward respectability of the high street, aroused his indignation against a system which allowed such things to be. He was no democrat, he had no sympathy with would-be levelers; but it seemed to him that there must be something out of joint in the time when such dark depths of social degradation were left to their native gloom, while the gas-lit thoroughfare and the shriek of the railway engine testified to the march of improvement.

Soon after the arrival of Cyril Culverhouse at Bridford, the respectable inhabitants were startled by a series of letters in their leading newspaper, letters characterized by that noble eloquence which comes straight from a heart moved to sternest indignation by the wrongs and sufferings of others. No man could feel his own griefs so keenly as this anonymous writer felt the miseries of his fellow-townsmen. With an unflinching hand he tore aside the curtain from those dens of infamy and ignorance which the citizens of Bridford were willing to ignore, or to speak of with a deprecating shrug and an admission that Bridford was a very bad place. It had never occurred to any body that it was his business to make the place better. No modern Peter the Hermit had arisen to call for a crusade against ignorance and vice. The Bridfordians were too hotly bent upon money-making to have time to spare for crusades of any kind. Those letters in the Bridford *Chronicle* did some good, and roused some citizens who had been as deeply slumberous as to the condition of their fellow-men as if they had been the pampered lackeys of the Sleeping Beauty, wasting a century in one after-dinner snoose, with a dim pleasant sense of repletion, afternoon sun, the lullaby of summer woods, and drowsy hum of insects.

But it was not with his pen alone that Cyril worked. Wherever the state of things was worst he was oftenest to be found. That tall erect figure of his grew to be as familiar in the alleys and back slums of Bridford as the hawker with his stale and damaged wares, or the drunken factory-hand reeling home after dark. Wherever he went he did good. He whose voice had been grave and gentle at Little Yafford, here spoke in tones of thunder. He was fearless in reprobation of brutish cruelty and besotted self-indulgence. He was tender and compassionate as a woman to the weak and oppressed, the women and children. First he made himself feared, and then he made himself loved. Even the men—the burly, hardened sinners, to whom he spoke home truths unflinchingly—even these ended by liking him.

"I loike 'im 'cos he ain't afeared of us," said one of these strayed lambs; "he'll coom into my place and call me like a pickpocket, and yet he knaws for half a farthin' I'd oop wi' one o' my clogs and brain 'im. He ain't afeared, bless you. He puts me in moind o' th' lion-tamer wot cum along u' th' show."

The parish church at Bridford was only just big enough for a highly respectable congregation—people who had "top hats" and best bonnets, and who came to church regularly every Sunday because it was the right thing to do, and dissected their neighbors' characters afterward on their way home. Here Cyril felt the rough denizens of the slums and alleys were not wanted. There was no room for them. They would have been put to shame by the best bonnets and the sleek broadcloth. He did at first try to get them to go to church on a Sunday evening. He organized week-day services and instruction classes. But from these even the factory people hung back. The old parish church, with its shining oaken pews and brass chandeliers, was too grand for them. Then Cyril took round the hat among the wealthy manufacturing families, some of whom had been roused by those stirring letters in the newspaper, and collected funds for a mission chapel. He began in a very humble way, by fitting up a large room that had once been a coffee-house, but had languished for want of appreciation, the community leaning to stronger liquors than tea or coffee. Here he had services and instruction classes four times a week, thinly attended at first, but by-and-by the room came to be filled to overflowing, and Cyril began to think of building a chapel.

He had got thus far, working night and day, shutting out of his mind, as much as possible, all thoughts of himself, and the hopes that he had cherished and laid down, when he received a letter from his cousin Kenrick, which gave him more pain than any thing that had ever happened to him, except Christian Harefield's death and the train of circumstances attending upon it.

"Culverhouse Castle, *April* 30.

"Dear Cyril,—I should not like a stranger to tell you of the most important event in my life, before you had heard of it from me.

"I sail for India the day after to-morrow, but I go only for a year. One little year hence I shall sell out, and come back to England to settle down in my old home. I renounce all hope of military distinction. Whatever ambition I may have will take a new line. I am going to be married, Cyril. The woman who is, to my mind, loveliest and most perfect among women has promised to be my wife. A year hence, all going well, Beatrix Harefield and I are to be married, and I shall bring to the old house the fairest mistress that ever reigned over it.

"Is this to make any breach between you and me, Cyril? God forbid! You have retired from the race. You must not be angry with me for going in to win. I write lightly enough, but I feel deeply. I would not, willingly, have come between you and your chosen love; but when you fell out of the running of your own choice, and deliberately renounced your chances, I held myself free to woo and win Miss Harefield, if I could. She was not easily won—but every day of our acquaintance made me more intensely in earnest, and I think a man could hardly desire to win so strongly as I did, and not end by winning. She is all goodness, sweetness, and nobility; and she loves this place already almost as dearly as I do. Indeed, sometimes I think it is Culverhouse that has won her, and not I. But I am content, deeply content.

"I am going away for a year. That is part of our compact. By that time her mourning will be over; she will throw off her black robes, and shine out as a bride. All the people round about have made up their minds from the beginning that she is to be Lady Culverhouse. The village children, the toothless cronies, bob to her with that intent.

"Am I not a man to be envied, Cyril? In our boyish days, when good Mrs. Dulcimer used to say to me, 'Kenrick, you must marry an heiress,' I always answered, 'No,' for in those days I thought that marrying an heiress must mean marrying for money; but now the money comes to me joined with love so deep and true that fortune is but a feather-weight in the scale. Were my sweet one penniless I would as gladly marry her, and let Culverhouse Castle go to the dogs. This is no idle boast, Cyril. I mean it, and feel it at the bottom of my heart.

"And now, dear boy, be generous as you have ever been to a comrade who owns himself in all things your inferior. Write me one little line to tell me that this new happiness of mine shall make no barrier between you and me, that you are not angry with me for loving and winning the woman you might have won, but did not. Tell me this much, Cyril, and fill my cup of joy to overflowing, before I see the Wight fade into a blue speck upon the distant sea-line.

"Your faithful friend and brother,
"Kenrick Culverhouse."

Cyril sat for an hour with this letter crushed in his hand, motionless as if he had been turned into stone. She was lost to him forever. Of his own deliberate act he had renounced her and let her go—but the fact that he had lost her utterly had never come home to him till now. And, innocent or guilty, he must love her to the last beat of his heart. He was very sure of that now.

[to be continued.]

## DEAD MULE TRAIL.

The picture on our first page shows some of the difficulties of military transportation in that part of the West where General Howard is conducting his arduous campaign against the Nez Percés Indians. The trail in question is on the line of march from White Bird Cañon to Craig's Ferry on the Salmon River. It takes its name from the incidents so graphically depicted by our artist. The trail winds along steep precipices, and is in places so narrow that there is hardly room for a single mule with its bulging load. Often some unfortunate animal loses its footing, and plunges over the height to certain destruction on the rocks below.

## THE BENNETT MEDALISTS.

On page 760 will be found the portraits of the brave firemen who have received the Bennett medal for gallant conduct since 1870, when the medal was first presented. The idea of this testimonial of honor originated with the late James Gordon Bennett in 1869, when, in recognition of the services of the firemen in saving his house from the flames, he sent a check for $1500 to the Commissioners, to be used in the purchase of a medal for the most meritorious member of the Department each year. Five hundred dollars were spent in the designing and manufacture of a die, and the interest of the remainder is annually applied to the purchase of gold medals. A roll of honor is kept at Department head-quarters, in which all noteworthy actions on the part of the men are recorded, and those who have especially distinguished themselves are selected as the recipients of the medal.

Thus far this mark of honor has been bestowed on the eleven men whose portraits we give. The first was to Minthorne D. Tompkins, foreman of an engine company, who, at the risk of his own life, saved a woman from the second story of a burning building. The second medal was awarded to Benjamin A. Gicquel, now chief of battalion, who, while foreman of Engine Company No. 9, rescued two women and two children from a position of great peril.

The next five medals were presented in 1873 to the following persons:

Foreman Charles L. Kelley, for saving three persons by lowering them from a burning building on the northeast corner of Division and Forsyth streets. The flames were burning fiercely on the first floor, but Kelley climbed up the shutters to the second story, and thence lowered the terrified and helpless people to the ground.

To Ambrose L. Austin, foreman, who dashed into the flames and rescued a woman who had been overcome by the heat, and was unable to move.

To Thomas Henry, foreman, who, while assistant foreman of Hook-and-ladder Company No. 6, rescued eight persons from the second story of a burning building in Suffolk Street.

To Thomas Hutchinson, assistant foreman. While a fireman attached to Hook-and-ladder Company No. 1, he was told there were people in a burning tenement-house in Baxter Street. On making his way up the outside to the second story, he found a boy hanging to the third-story platform of the fire-escape. He called to the boy to drop, and promised to catch him. The boy obeyed, and was caught by the cool-headed fireman in his swift descent through the air.

To William H. Nash, chief of battalion, who rescued two children at 223 Division Street.

In 1874 two medals were awarded—one to Alfred Connor, fireman, for a brave attempt to save a lady who was run over and killed by Hook-and-ladder Truck No. 10, at the corner of Cortlandt Street and Broadway; and one to Henry Schuck, assistant foreman, who forced his way through fire and smoke and rescued a child from a burning house in West Thirty-second Street.

In 1875 William Mitchell, foreman, was awarded the medal for rescuing a man overcome by the heat at a fire in Pearl Street.

In 1876 James Horn, assistant foreman, received the medal for saving several lives at a fire in Rivington Street. To effect this rescue he forced his way down from the roof through volumes of dense smoke.

All these brave actions were performed at the risk of life, and involved the exercise of a higher courage than is required to face death on what is called the "field of glory." The life of a fireman is a constant battle with danger. It is full of peril and adventure, of daring and heroic deeds. We have not the space here to enter into details, and must refer the reader who desires to know more about the life of a New York fireman to an interesting article on this subject in the October number of *Harper's Magazine*.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### Calendar.

#### SEPTEMBER.

*Saturday*, 29.—St. Michael.
*Sunday*, 30.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

#### OCTOBER.

*Sunday*, 7.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
*Sunday*, 14.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
*Thursday*, 18.—St. Luke the Evangelist.
*Sunday*, 21.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
*Sunday*, 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude; Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

Mr. Moody has, it is said, definitely settled his plan for the season. He was inclined to go to Boston, but want of entire harmony among his friends as to the expediency of another campaign there has induced him to look elsewhere. He will therefore devote himself to the smaller cities and towns of New England. "The programme will be," says the Boston correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer*, "to visit a number of these for a week or two each, in the hope of stirring them up to become so many centres of revival activity, and thus accomplishing in the end a greater aggregate of good." Mr. Moody will not labor out of New England all winter, probably.

"We shall not go again to Canossa," said Bismarck, and the sentence, fire-winged, kindled all Germany into flame. Nevertheless, the papacy celebrated in this year of grace the old Canossa triumph. Germany answers by erecting at Bismarckstein, near Hartzburg, a Canossa column, which was inaugurated August 27. The Chancellor and the German people are in entire accord, and once more in Europe the national spirit asserts itself against the domination of the Church.

The ecclesiastical combat thickens in England. Bishops, clergy, peers, squires, shop-keepers, and laborers, all take part. The Church Association having determined to prosecute, under the Public Worship Regulation Act, the Rev. C. F. Lowder, vicar of St. Peter's, London Docks, the *John Bull* gives in relation to the case the following extraordinary information: "A correspondent informs us that Mr. Lowder will resist the judgment of Lord Penzance, and that the dock-men and other laborers in the parish, where Mr. Lowder is greatly revered, and where he has labored for twenty years, *are prepared to fight it out with any mob that may gather there.*"

In direct contradiction of the many reports of the failure of the Pope's health, the Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet* says: "The health of the Holy Father continues to improve, and he gives daily audiences, and every day visits the gardens of the Vatican..... The assertions of some Roman papers concerning his health are pure inventions." As late as August 29 the London *Times's* correspondent telegraphed from Rome: "I have reason to believe there is no immediate cause for alarm on account of his health."

The warfare against the use of opium in China has reached a point of interest. The Anti-opium Society of London, which aims to sever the connection of the Indian government with the opium trade, sent, some time since, a deputation to the Chinese ambassador in London. The result has been the forwarding of a memorial by the ambassador to the Empress-Dowager of China, informing her of the existence of the association. He recommends the stoppage of opium culture in China, and a prohibition of its use by the servants of the government. The Chinese Emperor has issued such a prohibitory order. It forbids the use of opium "by officials, scholars, and the army," the prohibition to come into effect in three years' time. Governors of provinces are to draw up regulations for carrying out the imperial decree. Not much good is likely to come of all this, for both ambassador and empress are users of the drug.

The Rev. R. W. Dale, one of the representative clergymen of England, has sailed for the United States, with the expectation of delivering the next course of lectures on preaching, in the New Haven Divinity School. He is the first lecturer in this course from abroad.

The Prussian Ministry of Education is preparing for submission to the Diet an educational code designed to take the place of all existing laws and regulations upon this subject. It is supposed that one object in view is to extend the non-denominational as distinguished from the denominational system.

An English writer on Christian apologetics, well known to Americans—Mr. Henry Rogers—has recently died, at the age of seventy. He had for some years been president of the Lancashire Independent College. Mr. Rogers was best known to us in the United States by the *Eclipse of Faith*, the *Defense of the Eclipse of Faith*, and the *Grayson Letters*, all of which have been republished. His writings were marked by keenness of wit and great felicity of statement. In dealing with religious skepticism, he reasoned as one who had himself felt the force of the doubts which he combated. Mr. Rogers was a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. His essay on the "Vanity and Glory of Literature" has been greatly admired for its beauty.

The Rev. Joseph Cook will deliver two of his famous lectures—"Does Death end all?" and "Life or Mechanism, which?"—before the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, October 4 and 11.

Besides the Protestant Episcopal General Convention and the Congregational Council, the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in North America will meet this season. The last-named will assemble in Philadelphia (Broad and Arch streets) October 10; the Congregational Council will open in Detroit October 17. As already announced, the Episcopal Convention opens in Boston October 3.

The Rev. George Müller, of Clifton Downs, Bristol, England, has reached the United States. On Sunday, September 9, he preached in Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, Brooklyn; on Monday evening he delivered an address in Dr. Budington's church. Mr. Müller stated that he had come solely to do the work of an evangelist. It is no part of his plan to solicit funds.

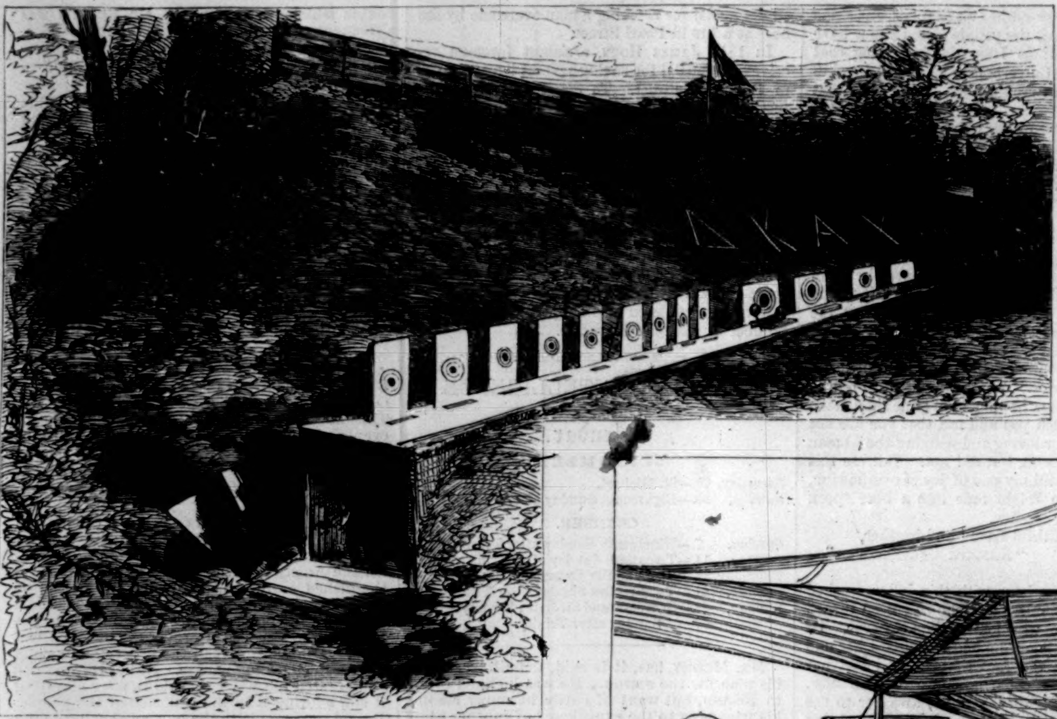
Dr. S. Irenæus Prime describes a celebration of the mass in Geneva, which he witnessed, by Father Hyacinthe. The description will astonish the Americans who supposed that this distinguished orator had thrown off the yoke of the Roman Catholic faith. "He stood behind a table on which four candles were burning. Before him was placed a crucifix about two feet high. A boy brought in the censer and swung it with the burning incense. Father Hyacinthe consecrated the wafer and ate it, after elevating it and adoring it in the presence of the people. He did the same with the cup, and having drunk it, washed it thoroughly and rinsed it, that no part of the divine essence might remain in the chalice. He said no one word to guard the hearer against the idolatry of the mass, and the whole performance was as Romish or pagan as if it had been done in Notre Dame or St. Peter's." Dr. Prime expresses the opinion that the Old Catholic movement in Switzerland is not progressing, and most likely "will fail. It may have failed already, and its friends not be aware of it."

The death is announced of Cardinal Bizzari in Rome on the last Sunday of August. He had held the office since 1863, and was prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars.

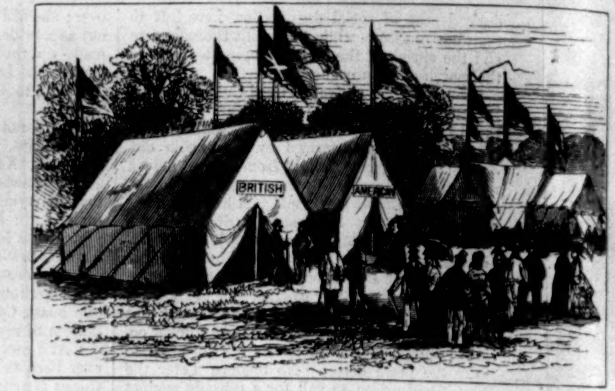
Fresh alarm has been created in the English Church by the announcement of the intention to establish a new religious order, to be called "The Fraternity of Jesus." Circulars have been issued calling for signatures to the plan of organization. Its objects may be gathered from the following sentence: "One great religious order of laymen and priests associate would be far better able to cope with puritanical opposition and general ignorance than a multitude of small societies, the members being so scattered about." The fraternity will consist of three orders. The first will be composed of "Brethren," who will take the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. The second will be composed of "Brethren at Business in the World," who will also keep the three vows, but in a modified form—whatever that may mean. The third order will be composed of "Associate Brethren;" these will take the two vows of poverty and obedience. The work of the fraternity will be parochial and mission work, such as preaching, the maintenance of day and Sunday schools, etc. Societies and guilds of every description will be formed under the direction of brothers of the first order. Societies that do not support a community-house are invited to come over bodily to the "Fraternity of Jesus," under such arrangements as will make them auxiliaries. This is nothing more nor less than a scheme for the creation of a Jesuit order in the Established Church.

The Missouri Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church at its recent session adopted resolutions which have no uncertain sound. One series deprecated the disposition of the colored people to emigrate to Africa, and invited the freedmen of the Southern States to come to the Northwest. Another, on the color line, pledged the members to break it down. "To do this," it says, "we recommend that wherever accommodations are denied on account of color, all our people strictly avoid such men and such places; and we will regard them as separate for white people only." There could be nothing simpler or more satisfactory than such a course.

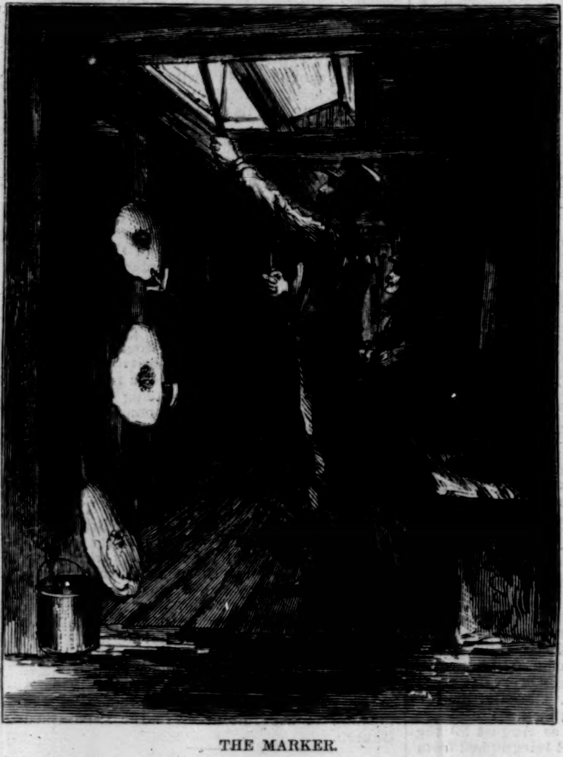
"To confess or not to confess" is the question to which, Parliament now adjourned, the English mind is devoted. The vacation speeches of political leaders are of less interest than the sermons of bishops. Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, has dealt sacramental confession some heavy blows. In reply to a deputation from a meeting held in the Free-trade Hall of Manchester, he said, "Sacramental confession is a phrase and an idea which has no rightful place whatever in the teaching of the Church of England, and which no minister of the Church ought to use or encourage." The bishop also declared that he would not ordain to the priesthood nor promote any one who held this dogma. In another case the librarian of the Bodleian Library refused to let an under-graduate read the library's copy of the *Priest in Absolution*. The refusal was much censured in Oxford. Professor Thorold Rogers has published a letter in which he defends the librarian. "I understand," he writes, "that the under-graduate who wished to study the book in question, and who is airing a grievance because some obstacle was put in the way of his use of the book, pleaded that he was reading for holy orders. I am not aware that the *Priest in Absolution* has been recommended by any bishop for such a study. I may go farther, and say that, in my opinion, the study of such a book, if it were made known to the bishop in question, whoever he may be, would not put a candidate for orders in a particularly favorable light. At any rate, I trust the Bodleian will not allow itself to be made a convenience for the study of indecent, sensational, or obscene books."



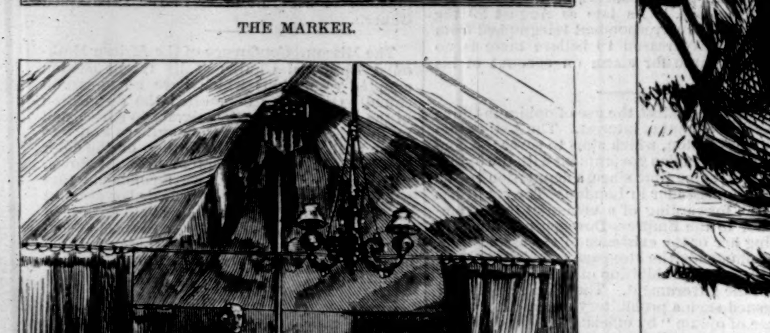
VIEW OF THE TARGETS.



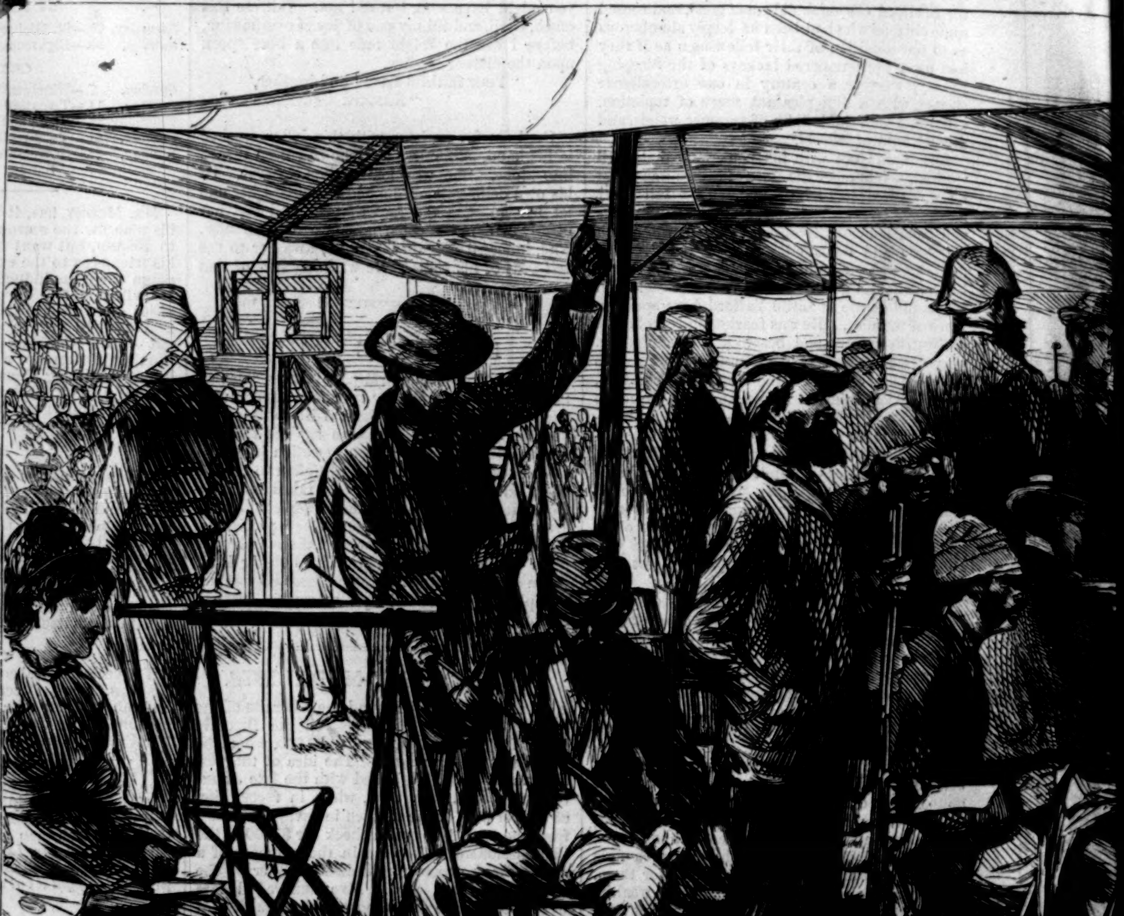
HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN TEAMS.



THE MARKER.



GENERAL WYLIE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



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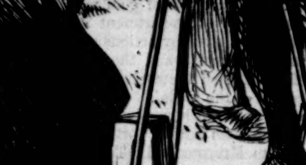
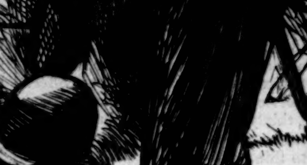
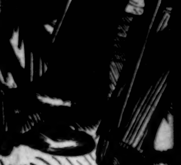


Sir Henry Halford—1000 Yards.

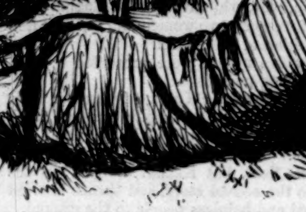


Sir Henry Halford—800 Yards.

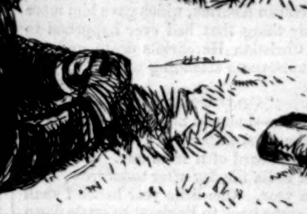


Lieutenant George Fent

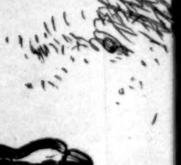
TARGETS MADE BY MEMBERS OF TH



L. C. Bruce—800 Yards.



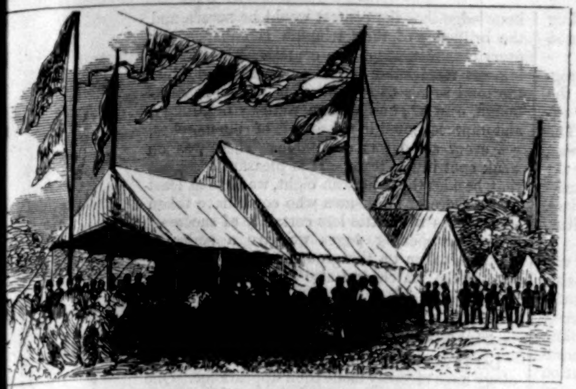
L. Weber—800 Yards.



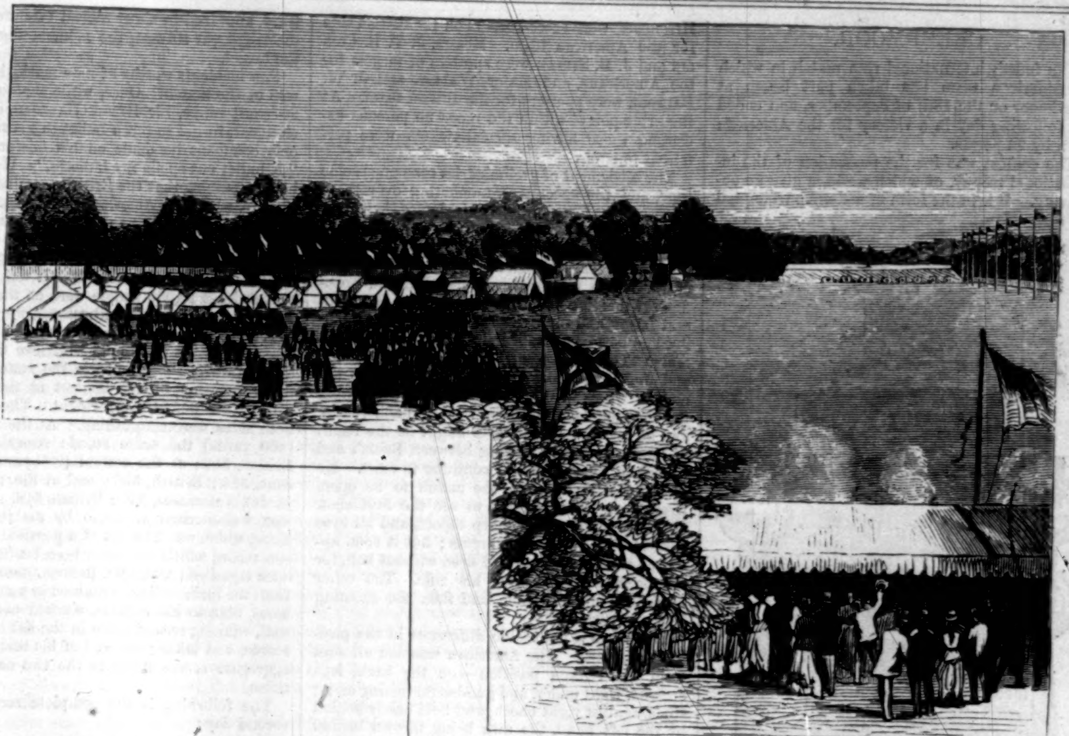
H. S. Jewell—10

TARGETS MADE BY MEMBERS OF THE

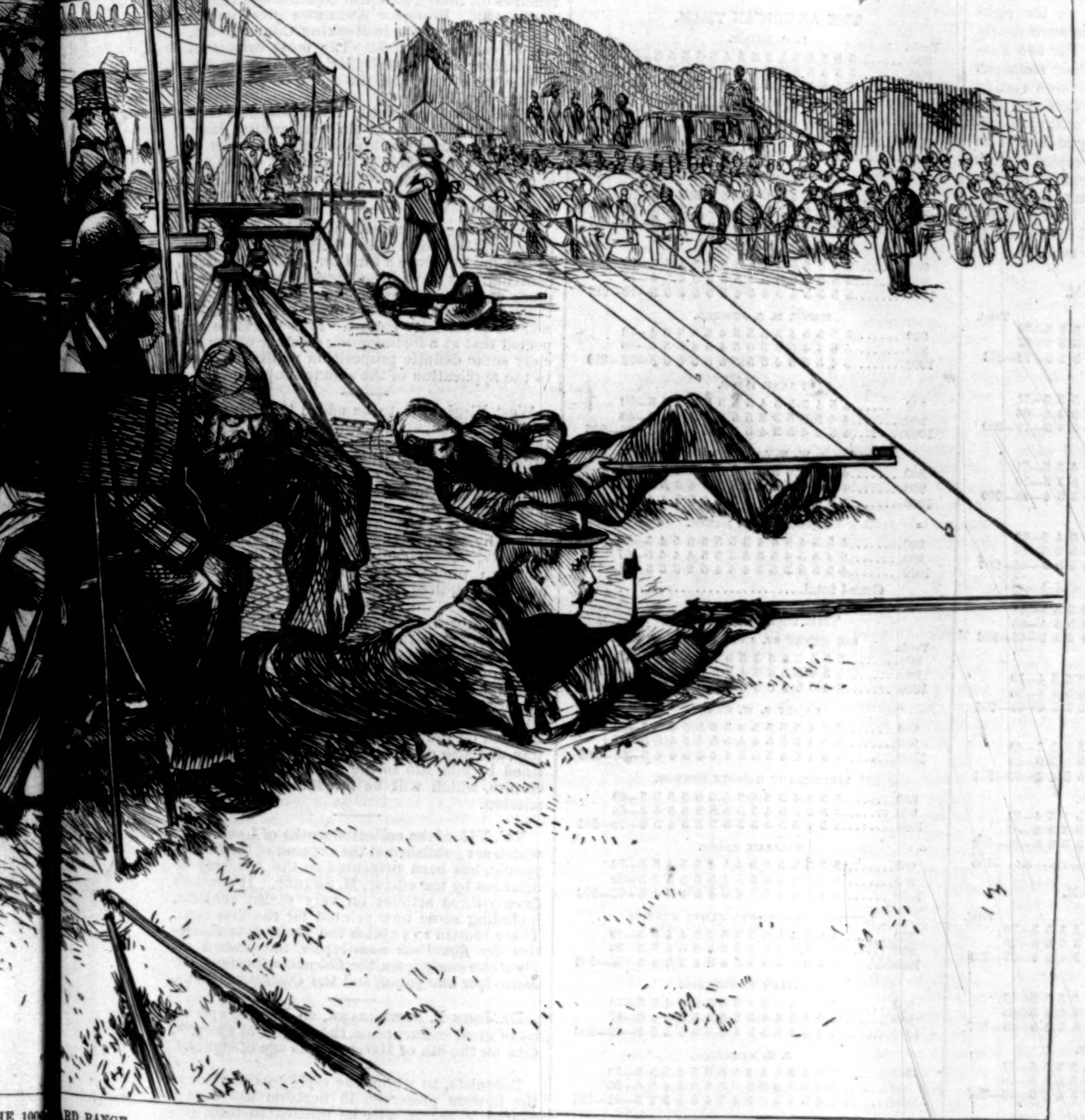
CREEDMOOR—THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.—From Sketches



GENERAL DAKIN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



RANGE FROM THE 1000-YARD FIRING-POINT.



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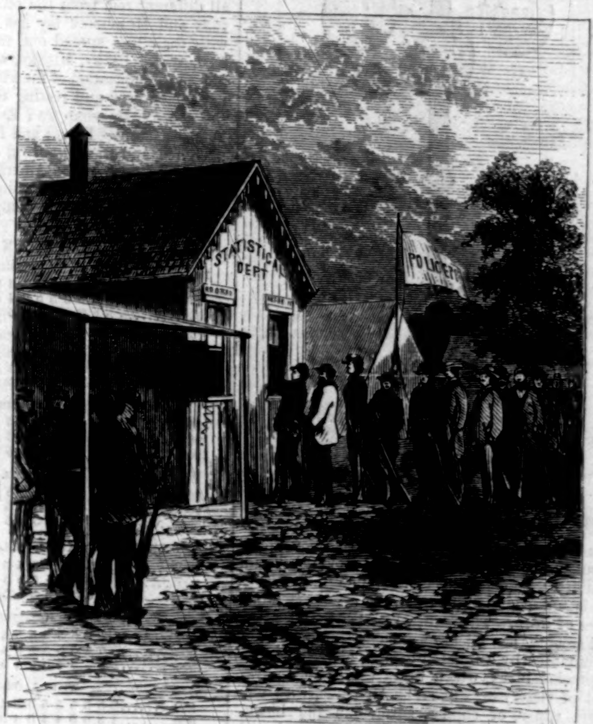
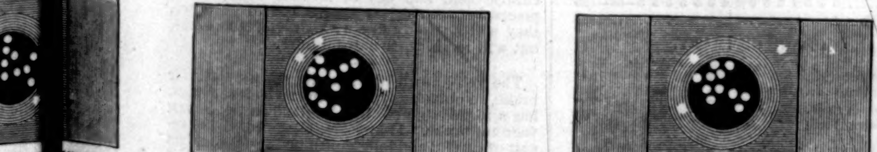


SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

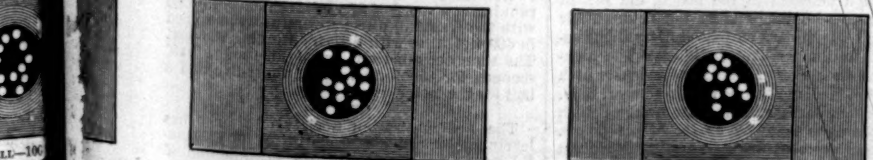


E FENT 1000 Yards.

W. RIGBY—800 Yards.

J. K. MILNER—900 Yards.

F THE RITISH TEAM, SECOND DAY.



LL—100

ISAAC L. ALLEN—900 Yards.

C. E. BLYDENBURGH—900 Yards.

THE AN TEAM, SECOND DAY.

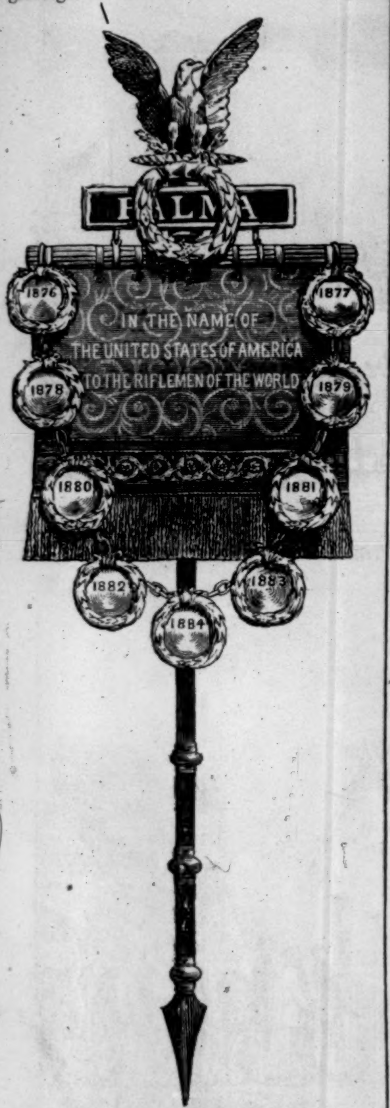
THE RAILWAY STATION.

TCHES & SPECIAL ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 766.]

## CREEDMOOR.

The fourth international rifle match in which an American team has taken part began at Creedmoor on the 13th of September, and ended the following day in a victory for the American team by 92 points.

The contest was for the possession of the international trophy, of which we here give an engraving. It is in the form of a Roman triumphal standard, about seven and a half feet high, wrought of steel, inlaid with gold and silver, and mounted with copper. The combination of metals is unique, and the trophy is a very striking piece of work. The staff, which is of steel, plain and smooth, has fillets of polished copper, and is surmounted by a foliated capital, above which is a paneled block, which bears the Latin equivalent of victory—"*Palma.*" An eagle, with elevated wings, of copper, surmounts the block, across the face of which hangs a silver laurel wreath. The eagle's claw grasps branches of laurel and the *fulmen*, from which shoot lightning shafts. From the paneled block is suspended the banner—a delicate piece of work in steel ornamented with gold scroll-work, and bearing the legend, in letters of silver: "In the name of the United States of America to the Riflemen of the World." An elaborate gold frieze in high relief extends across the lower edge, and from it hangs a massive gilded fringe. A copper chain, fastened at either end of the fasces which hold the banner, holds nine copper plates, inclosed in laurel wreaths of silver, having the dates from 1876 to 1884, and a place to engrave the name of each year's successful team.



The conditions of the match were that each team should consist of eight men, natives of the countries they might respectively represent; that the rifles should not exceed ten pounds each in weight, the minimum pull of trigger to be three pounds; that each competitor should have fifteen shots each day at each range, with no sighting shots. The position was left to individual choice, without artificial rest.

The weather during the first day was exceptionally fine. The haze that hung over the grounds early in the morning cleared away before the hour for shooting to begin, and the sun burst forth in all its power. This was bad for the shelterless spectators, but the competing riflemen, under cover of their tents, suffered but little inconvenience. In the toss for position the American team won the choice, and selected targets K and W, on the east. The British team took targets X and I. Lieutenant-Colonel Fenton, Lieutenant Fenton, Sir Henry Halford, and Mr. Humphrey, of the British team, had target I; Messrs. Rigby, Milner, Fergusson, and Evans, of the same team, had target X. General Dakin, Captain Jackson, Mr. Hyde, and Mr. Allen had target K, and Messrs. Weber, Bruce, Blydenburgh, and Jewell had target W. Colonel Peel was chosen referee for the British team, and Judge Gildersleeve for the American team. General Joseph R. Hawley was selected as the umpire. Captain Bowlby and Mr. Armitage were the score-keepers on the American side for the British team; Major Fulton and Colonel Hitchcock were score-keepers on the British side for the American team. Messrs. J. T. B. Conlin and J. B. Steele were spotters of targets for the Americans, and Major Waller and J. W. Balfour were spotters for the British team. At the firing-points within the ropes no persons excepting those having special tickets were permitted to enter.

The settlement of preliminaries consumed some time, and the spectators, numbering over three thousand, and including many ladies, began to grow impatient under the combined influences of the heat and the delay. At length, about a quarter past eleven, the signal gun for the beginning of the match was fired. Judge Stanton, president of the National Rifle Association, met General Dakin and Sir Henry Halford on the dividing line between the British and American team tents. The three gentlemen raised their hats, and Judge Stanton said that he wished to announce that the original conditions concerning the shooting for the trophy would be adhered to, and he hoped that, whatever might be the result of the contest, good feeling between British and American riflemen might continue to exist. He then formally declared the match to be open. Every body was anxious to see the first shot. Suddenly there was a sharp report, and all eyes were strained upon the targets; but it soon appeared that Sir Henry had fired without ball, for the purpose of warming his rifle. The other marksmen did the same, and then the shooting began in earnest.

There was a noticeable difference in the positions assumed. The American riflemen all shot from the Fulton position—on the back, legs crossed, right under, and gun-barrel resting on it; stock against right cheek, and held firmly behind by the left hand, the arm being thrown behind the head. The trigger is pulled by the right hand. The Englishmen's positions were nearly all different one from the other. The two Fentons and Humphrey lay flat on their stomachs with their legs spread out, their elbows resting on a mat. Rigby, Milner, and Fergusson employed a modification of the Fulton attitude, bending their knees and resting their gun-barrels on their toes. Halford and Evans copied Fulton almost exactly. Evans and Halford, of the Englishmen, and Blydenburgh, Jewell, Hyde, Allen, and Bruce, of the Americans, used pads between the stocks of their rifles and their cheeks.

The following is the complete score for the first day:

### THE AMERICAN TEAM.

| Yards. | | Total. |
|---|---|---|
| | C. E. BLYDENBURGH. | |
| 800 | 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 74 |
| 900 | 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 4 4 5 3 5 3 5 | 67 |
| 1000 | 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 | 72—213 |
| | MAJOR H. S. JEWELL. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 4 4 5 5 5 | 71 |
| 900 | 3 4 3 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 | 66 |
| 1000 | 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 | 72—209 |
| | FRANK HYDE. | |
| 800 | 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 | 71 |
| 900 | 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 5 | 70 |
| 1000 | 4 5 5 0 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 | 68—209 |
| | L. WEBER. | |
| 800 | 3 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 | 69 |
| 900 | 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 | 73 |
| 1000 | 3 5 3 5 4 4 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 3 | 64—206 |
| | ISAAC L. ALLEN. | |
| 800 | 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 | 71 |
| 900 | 3 3 4 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 | 66 |
| 1000 | 5 4 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 5 5 | 69—206 |
| | L. C. BRUCE. | |
| 800 | 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 | 70 |
| 900 | 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 73 |
| 1000 | 2 5 3 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 4 4 3 5 4 | 63—206 |
| | W. H. JACKSON. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 3 3 | 69 |
| 900 | 4 3 5 5 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 69 |
| 1000 | 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 0 5 5 4 4 | 66—204 |
| | GENERAL T. S. DAKIN. | |
| 800 | 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 | 73 |
| 900 | 3 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 3 4 3 5 3 5 5 | 63 |
| 1000 | 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 3 5 3 5 5 5 5 | 66—202 |
| | Grand total | 1655 |

### THE BRITISH TEAM.

| Yards. | | Total. |
|---|---|---|
| | J. K. MILNER. | |
| 800 | 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 72 |
| 900 | 5 3 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 70 |
| 1000 | 5 0 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 | 67—209 |
| | WILLIAM RIGBY. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 | 73 |
| 900 | 5 4 4 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 5 | 65 |
| 1000 | 5 4 4 3 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 69—207 |
| | HENRY S. W. EVANS. | |
| 800 | 5 3 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 | 71 |
| 900 | 5 5 5 4 4 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 70 |
| 1000 | 3 5 5 5 3 3 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 | 66—207 |
| | WILLIAM FERGUSSON. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 72 |
| 900 | 5 2 4 3 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 | 67 |
| 1000 | 5 5 5 5 5 3 5 4 5 4 5 3 5 4 4 | 67—206 |
| | SIR HENRY ST. JOHN HALFORD. | |
| 800 | 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 | 71 |
| 900 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 0 3 3 4 5 3 5 5 5 | 63 |
| 1000 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 3 | 71—205 |
| | LIEUTENANT GEORGE FENTON. | |
| 800 | 3 4 4 4 5 2 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 | 65 |
| 900 | 4 5 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 70 |
| 1000 | 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 3 | 69—204 |
| | LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES FENTON. | |
| 800 | 5 3 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 71 |
| 900 | 4 4 5 5 5 2 3 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 | 62 |
| 1000 | 3 4 5 5 3 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 | 65—198 |
| | ALFRED P. HUMPHREY. | |
| 800 | 0 5 3 5 5 4 3 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 | 63 |
| 900 | 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 3 5 5 | 70 |
| 1000 | 4 5 5 0 4 4 5 0 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 | 60—193 |
| | Grand total | 1629 |

### GRAND SUMMARY.

| | 800 yards. | 900 yards. | 1000 yards. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| American team.. | 568 | 547 | 540 | 1655 |
| British team .... | 553 | 537 | 534 | 1629 |
| Americans over British....... | 10 | 10 | 6 | 26 |

The Americans shot with much greater celerity than the British riflemen, who took their time, aiming deliberately, and evidently taking care to do their very best. Their opponents, on the contrary, appeared to shoot almost off-hand, pulling the trigger, it seemed, the moment they sighted the target.

Few incidents worthy of note marked the progress of the match. Once, while shooting on the 900-yard range, Sir Henry Halford, in his excitement, forgot to put a bullet in his rifle. The only comment he made on his misfortune was, "A bullet out spoils my bulletin." We may say here in passing that the British team use muzzle-loaders, while the Americans use breech-loaders. With the latter such an accident as hurt Sir Henry's score could not have occurred.

The crowd of spectators on the second day was much larger than on the first. It was estimated that at least 10,000 people were on the grounds. The excitement and enthusiasm were intense. Before the shooting began there was a feeling that the British team might retrieve their losses of the previous day, and win the match; but on the conclusion of the contest at the 800-yard range their defeat was evident. The scores on both sides were astonishing. At the first range (800 yards) the score stood: Americans, 575; British, 559; at the second (900 yards), Americans, 554; British, 536; and at the third (1000 yards), Americans, 550; British, 518. Mr. Bruce won well-merited applause by making the top score, which was 219 out of a possible 225 points—a record which has never been beaten, and only once equalled; while Mr. Blydenburgh, smarting from the insinuations contained in a mean anonymous note to his captain, worked carefully and well, winning second place in the list of the day's scores, and taking the lead of his team upon the aggregate scores made in the two days' competition.

The following is the complete score for the second day:

### THE AMERICAN TEAM.

| Yards. | | Total. |
|---|---|---|
| | L. C. BRUCE. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 | 74 |
| 900 | 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 72 |
| 1000 | 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 73—219 |
| | C. E. BLYDENBURGH. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 | 73 |
| 900 | 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 | 72 |
| 1000 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 3 5 4 5 | 71—216 |
| | L. WEBER. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 74 |
| 900 | 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 | 71 |
| 1000 | 3 5 3 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 70—215 |
| | ISAAC L. ALLEN. | |
| 800 | 4 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 | 70 |
| 900 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 | 73 |
| 1000 | 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 3 5 5 | 70—213 |
| | MAJOR H. S. JEWELL. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 | 72 |
| 900 | 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 0 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 | 65 |
| 1000 | 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 73—210 |
| | FRANK HYDE. | |
| 800 | 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 72 |
| 900 | 4 4 5 5 5 3 3 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 | 68 |
| 1000 | 4 5 4 4 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 3 | 65—205 |
| | W. H. JACKSON. | |
| 800 | 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 5 | 70 |
| 900 | 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 4 3 5 5 | 66 |
| 1000 | 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 3 4 4 | 67—203 |
| | GENERAL T. S. DAKIN. | |
| 800 | 4 5 5 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 | 70 |
| 900 | 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 4 3 5 5 4 4 4 5 | 67 |
| 1000 | 4 5 5 5 3 5 5 4 5 4 5 0 3 3 5 | 61—198 |
| | Grand total | 1679 |

### THE BRITISH TEAM.

| Yards. | | Total. |
|---|---|---|
| | SIR HENRY ST. JOHN HALFORD. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 | 72 |
| 900 | 5 3 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 | 69 |
| 1000 | 2 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 0 5 | 66—207 |
| | HENRY S. W. EVANS. | |
| 800 | 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 72 |
| 900 | 4 5 4 3 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 | 67 |
| 1000 | 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 | 66—205 |
| | LIEUTENANT GEORGE FENTON. | |
| 800 | 5 5 4 4 3 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 69 |
| 900 | 4 5 2 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 2 5 5 4 3 | 64 |
| 1000 | 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 | 70—203 |
| | WILLIAM RIGBY. | |
| 800 | 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 | 72 |
| 900 | 5 5 5 4 4 4 3 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 69 |
| 1000 | 0 4 5 3 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 | 62—203 |
| | LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES FENTON. | |
| 800 | 3 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 | 70 |
| 900 | 5 4 5 5 3 2 4 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 | 66 |
| 1000 | 3 3 5 5 3 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 | 66—202 |
| | WILLIAM FERGUSSON. | |
| 800 | 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 3 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 | 70 |
| 900 | 5 5 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 3 3 5 5 4 5 | 67 |
| 1000 | 4 3 0 4 5 3 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 | 63—200 |
| | J. K. MILNER. | |
| 800 | 5 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 | 70 |
| 900 | 4 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 0 | 66 |
| 1000 | 5 4 5 4 3 0 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 | 62—198 |
| | ALFRED P. HUMPHREY. | |
| 800 | 3 5 4 3 3 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 4 | 64 |
| 900 | 5 4 5 5 4 3 5 3 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 | 68 |
| 1000 | 5 4 5 4 5 5 0 3 4 5 5 5 5 3 5 | 63—195 |
| | Grand total | 1613 |

### GRAND SUMMARY.

| | 800 yards. | 900 yards. | 1000 yards. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| American team.. | 575 | 554 | 550 | 1679 |
| British team .... | 559 | 536 | 518 | 1613 |
| Americans over British....... | 16 | 18 | 32 | 66 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Aggregate total, Americans | 3334 |
| " British | 3242 |
| Americans over British on both days | 92 |

Although defeated in the match, the British eight retire with honor from the field. Their shooting on both days surpassed every thing before achieved under like conditions. The highest day's score ever made at a previous match was that of Scotland last year at Creedmoor, 1586, and this was surpassed this year by the British riflemen on the first day by forty-three points. Their total score of 3242 points is the highest ever reached, except that of the American team in the same contest.

The shooting of the American team was, indeed, wonderful. They have defeated eight of the best marksmen in the United Kingdom—men who had been carefully chosen, with the full knowledge that the contest would be severe, and the brilliancy of their triumph is enhanced by every circumstance of the contest. Their shooting was remarkable for its evenness; and while the total scores of such men as Bruce, Blydenburgh, Jewell, and Weber were extraordinary, and unprecedented in the annals of rifle matches, yet every score was creditable. There was no weak spot in the team. It is pleasant to reflect that, besides the American eight, we have at least half a score of marksmen who could have taken their places with little less certainty of success.

On our opening pages we give a series of sketches taken on the grounds during the progress of the match, and also five of the best targets on each side.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Important contributions to American archæology have recently made their appearance. One of these is the tenth annual report of the trustees of the Peabody Museum, at Cambridge, for the year 1876. This institution is notably the most important of those devoted exclusively to the study of anthropology, and the judicious administration of the trustees, first under the curatorship of Professor Jeffreys Wyman, and now under that of Professor F. W. Putnam, is rapidly assuming distinguished proportions.

A new fire-proof building has been erected in connection with the Museum of Comparative Zoology, in which the collections are now in process of arrangement, and the whole will probably be in thorough and systematic order in the course of a few months.

Many valuable additions to the collections for the year are chronicled in the report, which contains likewise several papers of much interest. Among these is a notice by Dr. C. C. Abbott of the supposed paleolithic implements from the glacial drift near Trenton, New Jersey, with remarks on their geological position by Professor Shaler. Professor Andrews gives an account of an ash cave in Hocking County, Ohio, and of certain mounds. The most important article, however, is one by Mr. A. F. Bandelier, on the art of war, and the mode of warfare of the ancient Mexicans.

The Proceedings of the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences for the year ending June, 1877, also contain much ethnological matter of interest, among which is an account of the celebrated tablets discovered by Mr. Gass near Davenport.

Since our communication as to the probable failure of the efforts of the Geographical Society of London to secure a fund for African research, contributions have been received which give a more encouraging aspect to the undertaking, the receipts so far amounting to £1800, of which £650 is practically annual. It is therefore expected that at a forthcoming meeting of the society some definite proposition will be made as to the application of the amount subscribed.

West Virginia is to be added to the number of States which, appreciating the importance of taking measures toward the multiplication and protection of food fishes within their borders, have created fish commissions for the purpose of carrying them out. A board was organized on the 16th of July, with John W. Harris, Esq., of Lewisburg, as chairman, and commenced its labors by visiting the State hatching house at Marietta, Pennsylvania, in order to become acquainted practically with the apparatus and methods required for fish-culture.

The Emperor of Brazil has formed a commission charged with the determination of geographical positions in the empire, and the first work of this commission is just published. It contains an account of the determination of the longitude and latitude of Barra de Pirahy. Geodesic operations are continued for localities situated on the prolongation of the Santos Railway, and also on the parallel (10° in length) destined to join Rio to the great meridian of the empire, which will be measured by the commission.

Vol. VII. of the collected works of Lagrange, which are published at the expense of the French people, has been presented to the Academy of Sciences by the editor, M. Serret. It contains twenty-three articles on very varied subjects, including some now printed for the first time. There remain to publish the *Traité de la Résolution des Équations numériques*, the *Théorie des Fonctions analytiques*, the *Calcul des Fonctions*, the *Mécanique analytique*, and the *Œuvres posthumes.*

Dr. John F. Bowerbank, an English specialist of great eminence on the subject of sponges, died on the 8th of March, at the age of eighty.

Botanists, to whom the rapid loss of color in the flowers preserved in herbaria has been a source of regret, will be pleased to learn (according to a Vienna journal) that if plants be dipped in a warm mixture of one part of hydrochloric acid and 600 of alcohol before being placed between driers for herbarium purposes, they will not only dry with greater quickness, but will retain their natural hues.

The well-known Westinghouse automatic air brake, so universally in use in the United States, has a formidable rival in England in the Smith vacuum brake. It appears, however, as the result of careful and long-continued series of trials on the Northeastern Railroad in England, that the American invention still holds the superiority. In an experiment with two heavy trains of twelve cars each, and the brakes applied when running at a speed of fifty miles an hour, the one with the Westinghouse apparatus was stopped in 669 feet, that with Smith's running 926 feet. The time occupied was twenty-one and a half seconds for the former, and twenty-five and a half for the latter.

The Acclimatization Society of France has lately announced numerous prizes for successful results connected with the introduction of useful animals and plants into that country. Among them is one of 500 francs for the exhibition of fifty specimens of American brook trout one year old, hatched out in the country. A similar prize is offered for the exhibition of at least twenty specimens of the Otsego bass (*Co-*

*regonus otsego*) that have been kept in the country for one year or more. Twice the amount is promised for the exhibition of specimens born in France. A similar amount of 500 francs is offered for the exhibition of twenty specimens of the California salmon that have been in France for a year, and double the amount if they have been hatched out in that country. The prizes are kept open until the 1st of December, 1880.

It will certainly be no difficult matter for some of our active pisciculturists to arrange with a French colleague to secure all these prizes.

An important change has been made in the plan of the **Woodruff** expedition, of the inception and progress of which we have kept our readers advised. The charge of $5000 for a two years' passage, with its attendant privileges and opportunities, has proved to be rather beyond the means of the persons most interested; and as Mr. **Woodruff** had reason to believe that a large number of passengers could be had at half that sum, he has concluded to charter the steamer *Ontario*, a vessel of 3500 tons, 390 feet long, forty-six feet beam, and forty feet deep. She has four decks, and will accommodate 400 persons with state-rooms. This number Mr. **Woodruff** expects to secure. Of course the fourfold increase in the number of the passengers will necessitate a larger corps of professors and teachers, which he also expects to obtain without any difficulty. The vessel is expected to sail in October next, following the same general plan of operations which we have already detailed.

The sportsman and naturalist will watch with much interest the result of experiments now being made in introducing the genuine European quail, *Coturnix communis*, into the United States, which, indeed, promise to be measurably successful. So far two efforts in this direction have come to our notice, one in Vermont and the other in Eastern Massachusetts.

Several gentlemen of Rutland, Vermont, with the help of Dr. **Middleton Goldsmith**, a well-known sportsman and naturalist of the State, arranged through Mr. **George H. Owen**, United States consul at Messina, for a supply, which, to the number of 197 (out of 200 shipped), were received at Rutland on the 8th of June. They were turned out on the 11th, and immediately scattered and paired, quite a number of nests and young birds having subsequently been found.

The experiment is, therefore, so far a success, but there still remains a problem as to what will become of them in the winter. Should they obey the ordinary instinct of migration, they may proceed southward, returning thence in the spring, as with migratory birds generally. Their occurrence throughout the South will doubtless attract more or less attention, and it is hoped that all interested in the result of the enterprise will take pains to secure immunity for the birds against destruction, or at least until the species has become fairly fixed among us.

We have not yet heard of any definite results from the effort in Massachusetts. The entire expense of bringing the birds from Messina to Rutland was about $35 30, or eighteen cents per head.

It is to be hoped that other clubs may follow the example thus set; and the writer in *Forest and Stream* who communicates the facts in regard to the Rutland experiment suggests negotiations with Mr. D. **Bonduro**, of Messina. He remarks that arrangements for shipments to the Northern States should be made as early as January 1, in order to make sure of the species before they have passed to the northward on their migration. It is also suggested that for the Southern States probably the African ports of the Mediterranean would be the best for procuring them.

## RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS IN ENGLAND.

For twenty-four years, and longer than any other nation, England was in a condition of suspension. Gold disappeared, silver remained in small quantities, the country was filled with paper, seven hundred county banks sprang up and lived a brief life, and the disease of a depreciated currency, as Mr. **Tierney** said, had become apparently incurable. Men had grown so accustomed to the use and the speculative vicissitudes of paper money that they had forgotten the advantages of honesty, and hoped to build a lasting prosperity upon a condition of things that was only delusive and ruinous. Never was there such intense suffering among the laboring classes, never such bitter riots and ruthless repression. From 1797 to May 1, 1821, the Bank of England issued only paper money, and its credit, which had fallen before what had seemed a needless panic, was never restored. The suspension came in 1797 like a sudden shock to the community. A French invasion was threatened; hostile armies hovered over the English coasts; a few French actually landed on English ground, and at once the foundations of the national credit were overthrown. Notes were looked upon at first as almost worthless[1], we are told. Every one demanded specie; gold was thought the only safe commodity; and in that wild unreasoning terror the bank was thronged all day with a great crowd of depositors; and tradesmen and nobles, women, mechanics, farmers, merchants, clamored at its doors for the money they had intrusted to its care.[2] It was Saturday when the great disaster came. It was certain that should it open its doors on Monday, the bank would soon be forced to suspend. Only £1,272,000 cash and bullion remained in its vaults. The government resolved to intervene. A cabinet council was held on Sunday at Whitehall, and an order was issued authorizing the bank to suspend. On Monday the suspension began. The bank officers issued a card affirming that the bank "was in the most affluent and prosperous condition." The mercantile classes resolved to receive its notes at par. But no one, perhaps, supposed that for twenty-four years gold was to be banished from England, and all its business transacted in paper.[1]

The cause of the unlooked-for event was the enormous expenses of the Napoleonic wars, the great loans made by the bank to Mr. **Pitt** to carry on his unsuccessful campaigns, the gold and sovereigns sent out of the country to subsidize the Continental powers, the ceaseless misfortunes that befell the British arms. Yet never had there seemed less danger of a suspension than in the years preceding the great disaster. "For the last six months of the year 1793 and the whole of 1794," says Sir F. **Baring**, "and until the close of 1795, money was as plentiful as in time of peace." But in 1796 all this was changed. The confidence of the public in the bank and the confidence within the walls of the bank failed together as the demand for guineas for exportation grew enormous, and the government seemed to set no limit to its wants. There was no doubt a real dearth of gold when the sudden terror of invasion filled the public mind; yet the invasion alone might have been sufficient to have produced a suspension of the bank even had there not been this unusual demand upon its resources. Once before, in 1745, when the Pretender and his army were approaching London, a not dissimilar panic followed. Men rushed to the bank for gold; the bank was forced to save itself by paying out sixpences and shillings. And once in 1696 it had suspended in the difficulties of the recoinage. And it is plain that the modern system of banking must always be liable to these sudden reverses, and that war, speculation, idle terror, mischievous rumors, are always able to shock the credit even of the Bank of England.

For three years after the suspension the notes of the bank were kept at a premium, and its credit rose high. But as the long, disastrous war went on, as the French generals overran Europe, and Austerlitz and Jena seemed to assure the lasting supremacy of **Napoleon**, the confidence of the public sank low, and the paper currency began to lose its value. In 1810 it was thirteen and a half below par; in 1814 it fell to twenty-six. This was the lowest point it reached. The great commercial and manufacturing activity of England kept up the national securities. Wealth increased. And when, in 1815, **Napoleon** fell and Europe sank into peace, bank-notes rose at once to eighty-three, in 1817 to ninety-seven; in 1820 they kept the same ratio; and on May 1, 1821, the bank resumed payment in specie.

But it had not done so without an exterior compulsion on the part of the government. And the contest[2] in Parliament between the resumptionists and those opposed to the change may be read with instruction in all deliberative assemblies. On the one side there was an evident fear that the moment the bank attempted to pay in gold and silver, its doors would be filled with an eager throng resolved to exchange their notes for something of intrinsic value, and that a new suspension must be the necessary result of so dangerous a decision. The secret committee on the condition of the bank showed that the circulation of notes was immense, that the interest on the national debt had risen from £13,000,000 in 1797 to £43,000,000 in 1819, the taxes from £16,000,000 to £50,000,000. They doubted whether the nation would not prefer a paper currency to gold; at least they were unwilling to recommend an immediate resumption. They proposed that the bank should be allowed to pay its debts in bullion, and that a gradual process should be introduced by which at first only large amounts should be payable in this way. Their aim was to prevent a run upon the bank by placing obstacles in the way of its creditors. Sixty ounces of gold was fixed upon for the first payment; and who would care to carry away sixty ounces in gold or silver bullion? It is somewhat remarkable that these fears and fallacies were shared by some of the best thinkers and economists of the time, and that the same arguments we have so often heard in favor of unlimited paper money in our own political contests for the past ten years may be found recorded in the debates of 1819 in the English Parliament. The opponents of resumption urged that the nation had made great progress in the time of suspension, that it preferred paper money to gold,[3] that for "twenty-two years it had been without a metallic circulation, and that it would be extremely difficult and hazardous to revert to the ancient system." They did not see that with a depreciated currency all their business was done at a disadvantage, and that while capitalists might flourish, bad money was a tax that fell chiefly on the laboring classes.

But the advocates of resumption were more fearless in their honesty and their public spirit. Mr. **Peel** (Sir **Robert**) said that suspension was a disease that grew with use (March 24, 1819); he ridiculed the fears of the opponents of resumption; he pointed to the wise counsel of **Burleigh** in Queen **Elizabeth**'s time, when coin had depreciated 400 per cent., and timid men advised the Queen not to restore it "lest trouble should come." But **Burleigh** said, "So far should such considerations be from deterring your Majesty from the pursuit, that they constitute a reason for perseverance;" and he showed that the strength and character of her court and government could only be maintained, her people placed at ease, her honor vindicated, by a return to honest money. Mr. **Tierney**, a resolute advocate of resumption, said (February 2, 1819) that the country had been so vitiated by the use of an inflated currency that an escape from it seemed almost impossible; the whole course of finance, he complained—for system it was not—rested upon paper. At last the struggle ended in the success of the resumptionists: a bill was passed (1819), modified by some restrictions, yet providing for the payment of specie by the bank on the 1st of May, 1823. Four years were allowed to prepare the public for the change, to permit of an accumulation of gold and silver, to quiet those fears of some wide financial disaster that had formed the real obstacle in the way of an earlier decision. But no sooner had the decision been made than the obstacles vanished, and the public grew eager for resumption. Gold and silver flowed in, the bank made large accumulations, the condition of trade seemed favorable, and the directors resolved to shorten by two years the period fixed by law for their relief. They began, with some hesitation, to pay their creditors in coin on May 1, 1821. The day passed over without excitement. No unusual demand for money appeared, no one cared for gold and silver when the bills of the bank were better than sovereigns, trade was little affected, the commerce of the country increased, and the fears of the timid and the evil prophecies of the interested vanished in a moment.

England was the last of the nations to resume specie payments. In France the iron will of **Napoleon** had declared its *assignats* worthless, and forced the nation back to an honest currency; Germany had kept its gold and silver. The United States were a specie-paying country when England had for so many years driven away gold from its midst, and was only able to resume after a suspension of twenty-four years. One effect that followed the resumption in 1821 was an extraordinary period of speculation.[1] Money was abundant, a thousand wild schemes were popular. A panic followed in 1823, and again the bank was near suspension. It issued a million one and two pound notes, and the alarm passed away. Since that time it has more than once been in danger, but the more recent acts affecting its reserve have probably saved it from any fear of failure. Yet the period of England's chief prosperity opens with its return to an honest currency; possessed of this, it has engrossed the trade of the world, undersold and underbid less fortunate nations, profited from their weaknesses, and grown great by their folly.

To us, laboring for so many years under a depreciated currrency, without money to purchase in foreign markets, despoiled by foreign capitalists of the just profits of our farms and mines, oppressed by poverty in the midst of boundless wealth, the richest of nations had we only known our own resources, a return to an honest currency must prove the cure for many evils. Labor will be the greatest gainer by the change. And with wise and republican legislation in the future, and as little interference with the natural laws of trade as possible, we must soon take the first place among the industrial nations.

**Eugene Lawrence.**

## PRO BONO PUBLICO.

### FAMILIAR EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Our Roman Catholic friends object to the public schools as "godless;" theirs we are left to infer are godly. In *their* schools the young are nourished with pure doctrine, are guarded from error, and taught the lessons of duty and charity. So confident are American Catholics of the superiority of their educational system that they have made every possible effort to secure for it the aid of the public funds. Here and there, as in Minnesota, they have obtained the control of district schools, and have supplied them with their own text-books. Fortunately a text-book is occasionally issued which discloses the spirit of their teaching without disguise. Such a one has lately come under our notice, which has appeared not in far-off Minnesota, but, of all States in the Union, in Maryland, where it is claimed the Church illustrated its tolerant spirit in the early legislation of the colony. The volume is one of a series entitled, "Familiar Explanation of Christian Doctrine, adapted for the Family and more advanced Students in Catholic Schools and Colleges," published in 1875 by **Kreuzer Brothers**, Baltimore, and sanctioned by Archbishop **Bayley**. Lesson XII. is called, "No Salvation Outside of the Roman Catholic Church." The questions and answers run thus:

*Question.* "Since the Roman Catholic Church alone is the true Church of Jesus Christ, can any one who dies outside of the Church be saved?"—*Answer.* "He can not."

*Question.* "Did Jesus Christ Himself assure us most solemnly, and in plain words, that no one can be saved out of the Roman Catholic Church?"—*Answer.* "He did when He said to His Apostles, Go and teach all nations," etc.

*Question.* "What do the fathers of the Church say about the salvation of those who die out of the Roman Catholic Church?"—*Answer.* "They all, without exception, pronounce them infallibly lost forever."

A little farther on may be found the following:

*Question.* "Are there any other reasons to show that heretics or Protestants who die out of the Roman Catholic Church are not saved?"—*Answer.* "There are several. They can not be saved, because—1. They have no divine faith. 2. They make a liar of Jesus Christ, of the Holy Ghost, and of the Apostles. 3. They have no faith in Christ. 4. They fell away from the true Church of Christ. 5. They are too proud to submit to the Pope, the Vicar of Christ. 6. They can not perform any good works whereby they can obtain heaven. 7. They do not receive the body and blood of Christ. 8. They die in their sins. 9. They ridicule and blaspheme the mother of God and His saints. 10. They slander the spouse of Jesus Christ—the Catholic Church."

Again, page 97:

*Question.* "Now do you think God the Father will admit into heaven those who thus make liars of His Son Jesus Christ, of the Holy Ghost, and the Apostles?"—*Answer.* "No; He will let them have their portion with Lucifer in hell, who first rebelled against Christ, and who is the father of liars."

*Question.* "Have Protestants any faith in Christ?"—*Answer.* "They never had."

*Question.* "Why not?"—*Answer.* "Because there never lived such a Christ as they imagine and believe in."

*Question.* "In what kind of a Christ do they believe?"—*Answer.* "In such a one of whom they can make a liar," etc., etc.

*Question.* "Will such a faith in such a Christ save Protestants?"—*Answer.* "No sensible man will assert such an absurdity."

*Question.* "What will Christ say to them on the day of judgment?"—*Answer.* "I know you not, because you never knew me."

Again, page 104:

*Question.* "Are Protestants willing to confess their sins to a Catholic bishop or priest, who alone has power from Christ to forgive sins? 'Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them.'"—*Answer.* "No, for they generally have an utter aversion to confession, and therefore their sins will not be forgiven throughout all eternity."

*Question.* "What follows from this?"—*Answer.* "That they die in their sins, and are damned."

These are the lessons instilled by Catholic teachers in the minds of American youth. A Protestant girl goes to one of the famous Catholic academies of Maryland, and soon learns of her parents, brothers, and sisters that the Christ in whom they believe is no true Christ, and that they will all "die in their sins, and be damned." This is not the teaching of an obscure priest, but of Archbishop **Bayley**, who is next to the American cardinal in churchly dignity. A Catholic school worms out of the public treasury an appropriation, and this is the faith to the building up of which the money is applied. The Protestant Episcopal Convention of Georgia, whose attention was called to this doctrinal teaching by Bishop **Beckwith**, resolved that it should be read, for warning, to all the congregations of the diocese. The bishop has done a valuable public service, and we here give these facts, brought forward by him, the benefit of a still wider circulation. We are sure our readers will agree with us in the opinion that schools in which such lessons are taught are schools to be shunned by all right-minded Americans, and that the Church which sanctions them by an archiepiscopal *imprimatur* is not entitled to be the educator of the American people.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Here is a bouquet of compliments: "There are but two fine things in the world," says Malherbe, "women and roses." Lessing exclaims, "Woman is the masterpiece of the universe." Bourdon says, "The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl." Thackeray writes, "A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven." Balzac says, "Even the errors of woman spring from her faith in the good." Voltaire declares, "All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman." Lamartine asserts that "women have more heart and imagination than men." Otway exclaims, "O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man; we had been brutes without you." To which Mark Twain adds, "But for you we should be nothing, for we should not be here."

**Mock-Turtle.**—Kissing before company, and quarreling afterward.

The American after-dinner orator in England will soon be able to say, "Speaking the same language, glorifying in the same literature, of the same blood, and subject to the same potato-bug," etc.

A German-American patriot returning to the old country shed tears as his adopted land faded from his view. "Ameriga ees der best goundry in der vorld," he remarked. "I haf vailed dree dimes, und now I leaves it do shpend mine vortune mid my vamily."

"Allow me to be your beau," said a gentleman, placing his umbrella over a lady in a shower. "Thank you; I've plenty of fair-weather beaux, so I suppose I must call you my rain beau," she replied, archly.

"You're a pretty smart fellow," sneered a lawyer to a witness the other day in court. "I'd return the compliment if I wasn't under oath," replied the witness, preparatory to being told that "that's all."

**Stage-Manager** (*to call-boy*). "John, see if the ballet are all dressed."

**John** (*returning*). "Yes, Sir, about ready; they've nearly got their clothes off."

The force of habit is a fine thing in its way, but when in reply to a question at a church fair as to what he will have, a young man mechanically replies, "Beer," or "The same," it is a trifle awkward.

"What are those purple posies down by the brook?" asks Gus. "If you mean," replies Clara, "those glorious masses of empurpled efflorescence that bloom in bosky dells and fringe the wimpling streamlets, they are *Campanula rotundifolia*." Gus plays billiards for a living, and Clara goes to a girls' college.

"What I object to," said a Texas horse-thief, as he was about to be drawn up, "is your hanging me here in the sun, when there's plenty of shade close by; however, go ahead."

A Western newspaper has improved on the original plan, and now says, "No communication will be published in this paper unless accompanied by the full name of the writer and a five-dollar bill; these are not requested for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

What did the young lady mean when she said to her lover, "You may be too late for the train, but you can take a buss?"

A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Alford, saying, "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public."

A school-teacher in New Jersey, in setting down black marks against the boys, puts them under the head of "Hop Statistics."

It is a little singular how much valuable time a woman will take up in studying the postmark of a letter to see where it comes from, when she can open the letter and find out at once.

When Macready was playing Macbeth in the English provinces, the actor cast for the part of the Messenger in the last act was absent. So the stage-manager sent a supernumerary on to speak the lines set down for the Messenger, viz.: "As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look toward Birnam, and anon, methought, the wood began to move."

**Macbeth.** "Liar, and slave!"

**Super.** "'Pon my soul, Mr. Macready, they told me to say it."

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[1] *Bank of England.* By Sir **Francis Baring**, Bart. 1797. P. 54.

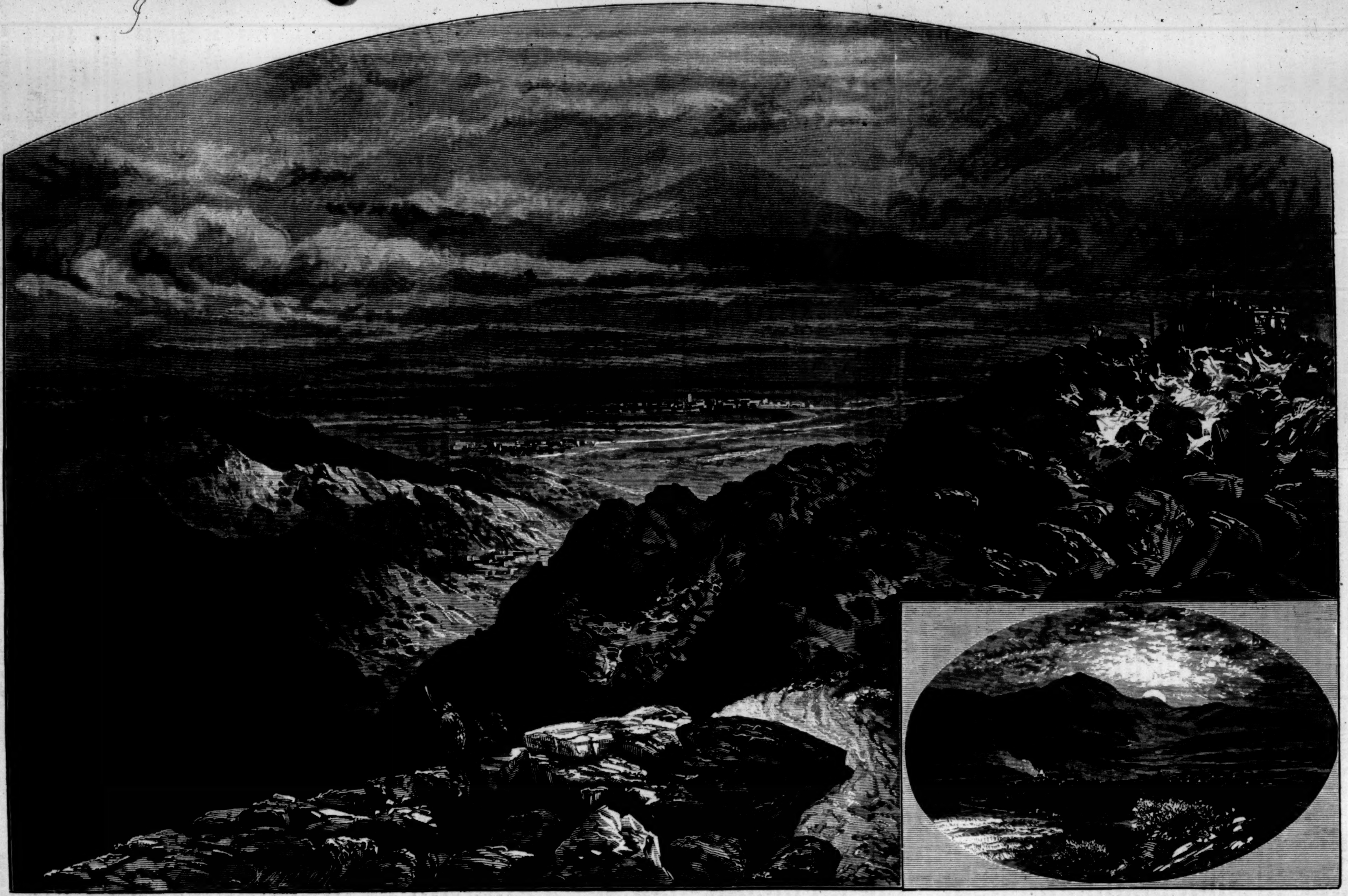
[2] **Baring**, 54. He is anxious to make bank-notes "legal tender" during the war (see p. 69), with restriction as to amount.

[1] See *Historical Sketch of the Bank of England*; also *Past and Present Policy of the Bank of England*. London: 1855.

[2] See *Parliamentary Debates*, February 2, 1819, etc.

[3] Among the curious facts of the controversy, it was noticed that a note of £1000 would usually return to the bank in thirteen days; a small note would remain in circulation a long time.—*Parliamentary Debates*, May 21, 1819.

[1] Of various books and pamphlets on this subject, I would point out *History of the Bank, and Details of its Suspension*. 8vo. London: 1798. *Historical Sketch of the Bank*. 8vo. London. *Bank Manual*. **Beque**, *Bank of England*. 1797. *Considerations on the Propriety of the Bank resuming*. 8vo. London: 1802, etc.



PIKE'S PEAK AT SUNSET—THE MOUNTAIN SHADOW ON THE EASTERN SKY.—FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN A. RANDOLPH.—[SEE PAGE 770.]

## MEHEMET ALI.

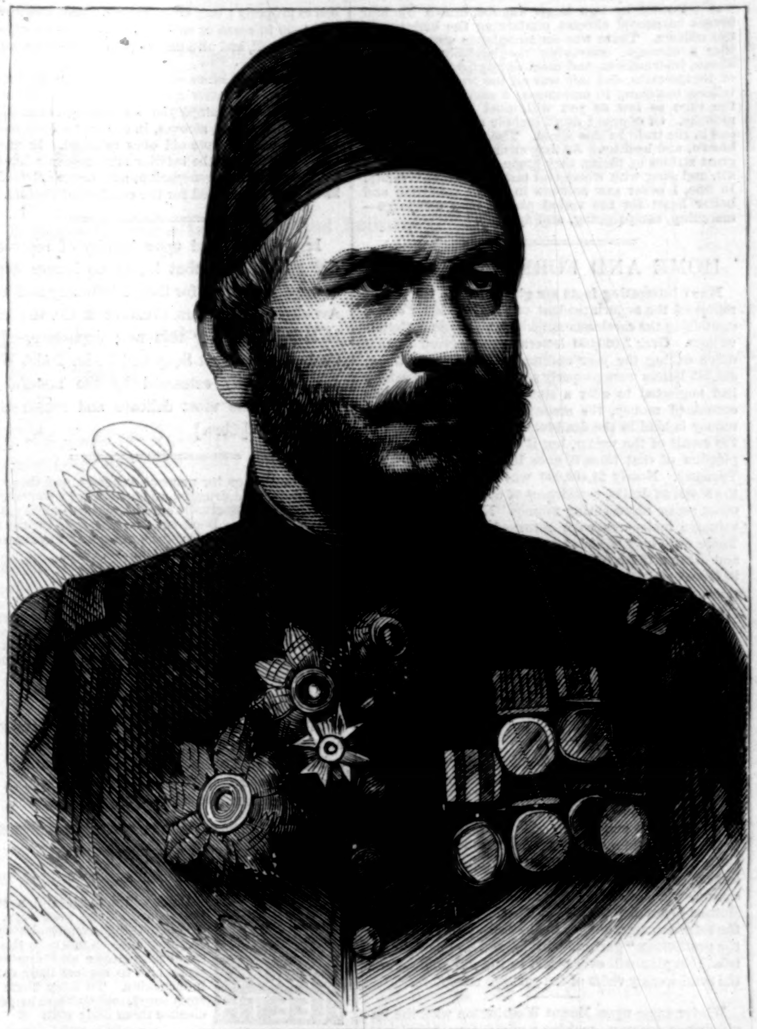
Mehemet Ali Pasha, whose portrait we give on this page, is another of the many foreign officers who have risen to distinction in the service of Turkey. Though now occupying the exalted position of commander-in-chief of the armies in Bulgaria, Mehemet Ali began life as a sailor on board a German merchant vessel. He belongs to a French family of the name of Détroit, who settled in Magdeburg, Prussia. Here young Jules Détroit, the present Turkish pasha, was born, in 1829. When he was fifteen years old, after having passed through the school in his native town, his father, who was a musician with a very limited income, took him to Hamburg, the lad having expressed a desire to try a sea-faring life. Here they found a Mecklenburg brig about to sail for the Levant, and young Détroit obtained the situation of cabin-boy.

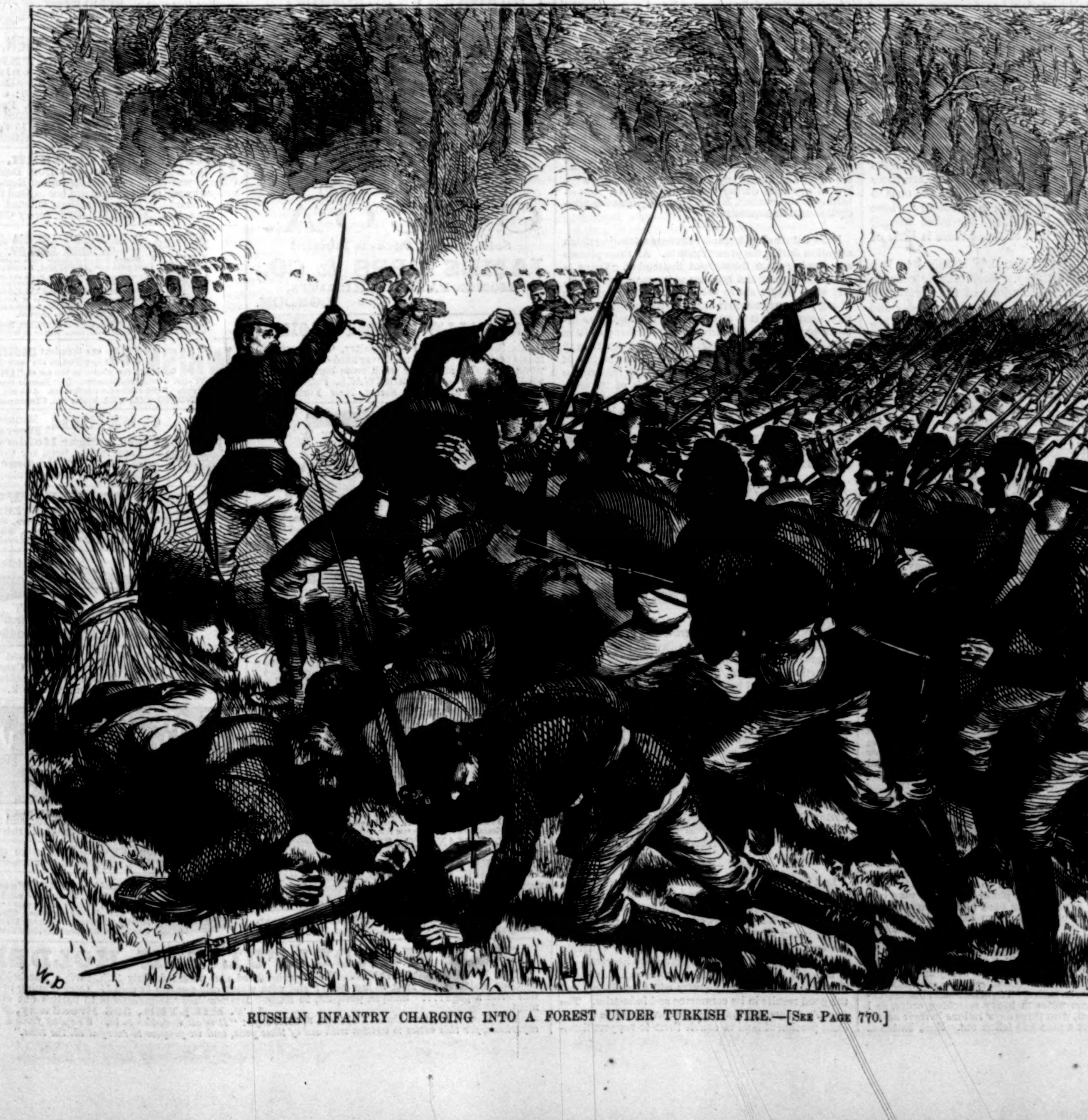
After a long and tedious voyage the ship anchored in the Bosporus, and by this time the lad was thoroughly disenchanted with the sea. The hard work on board the brig, the menial services which every one exacted from the young shipboy, the ill treatment he received, had extinguished every illusion, and he determined to seize upon the first opportunity to escape. One day there passed by the vessel one of the caïques, rowed by gayly dressed oarsmen, in which distinguished Turks are usually conveyed from their residences on the Bosporus to the Porte in Stamboul. Young Détroit at once sprang into the sea and swam toward the caïque. He was seen, and the owner of the boat ordered it to be stopped and the lad taken in. This Turk proved to be no less a personage than Ali Pasha, afterward so famous for many years as Grand Vizier. Young Détroit had picked up a scanty smattering of French at school, and Ali Pasha was a perfect master of the language.

The lad explained the motives of his rash act, and besought the pasha to take him under his protection, declaring that he even desired to become a Mussulman. Ali promised him his protection, but advised him to reflect seriously before he changed his religion. During the next few weeks the lad remained at the pasha's palace, enjoying absolute freedom, making rapid progress in Turkish, and frequently admitted to see his patron, who was delighted with the frank disposition of his *protégé*. But as Détroit continued to urge his desire to go over to Islam, Ali took an opportunity of mentioning the affair to the Prussian minister at the Porte, requesting that one of the clergymen attached to the embassy would visit and remonstrate with the young would-be renegade. This was done; but the chaplain had to report that his efforts were fruitless. Détroit was now definitely taken into the household of the pasha, and regularly instructed. A year later he was formally admitted into his new religion, taking the second name, Ali, out of affection for his benefactor. Two years later his patron sent him to the military school, where he distinguished himself by diligence and intelligence, earning great praise on account of several excellent translations of military articles, etc., from French and German.

He received his commission in 1853, and followed the campaign of the Danube against the Russians. He was first under fire at the siege of Silistria, and it was said that he did not seem very courageous. It has even been said by his enemies that at the beginning of the bombardment he sought refuge in a cellar, but this story lacks confirmation. However, he soon after gave proofs of intrepidity, and even daring, winning universal commendation. At one time he spent a whole night alone in a captured earth-work. Omar Pasha noticed the conduct of the young officer, and placed him on his staff; and in this capacity he went through the Russian war, and later the campaigns in Montenegro, Arabia, and Bosnia. He became a colonel in 1863, and in 1865 was made pasha, or general. He was employed, and acquitted himself with distinction, during the insurrection in Crete, and again on the Montenegrin frontier.

In 1873 Mehemet Ali received the chief command of the forces in Thessaly, with orders to put an end to the excesses of the banditti, which had become intolerable. In the accomplishment of this difficult task he displayed great ability. Partly by artifice and partly by persuasion, by employing remorseless severity where "examples" were required, and by skillful operations in combination with the Greek detachments assigned for frontier duty, he was able in a short time to re-establish order in Thessaly. Toward the close of 1875 he was intrusted with the chief command at Novi-Bazar—a post of great strategic importance. He has since been engaged in various military duties in connection with the operations against the insurgents of Servia. The sun of court favor, however, has not shone very brightly upon him; hence, although his reputation for great talent has long been established, he has not held any prominent position until recently, when he received the first military command in the empire. The wife of Mehemet Ali belongs to an Osmanli family of high rank, and such ladies confer position on a man of inferior station whom they may marry.


MEHEMET ALI, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TURKISH ARMY IN BULGARIA.



RUSSIAN INFANTRY CHARGING INTO A FOREST UNDER TURKISH FIRE.—[See Page 770.]

## PIKE'S PEAK AT SUNSET.

THE striking picture on page 768 depicts a phenomenon sometimes witnessed at sunset, under certain atmospheric conditions, from the summit of Pike's Peak, Colorado—the shadow of the mountain plainly defined on the eastern sky. The effect is said to be very beautiful, though evanescent.

There are few grander scenes on the American continent than those of the mountain ranges of Colorado. The view from the summit of Pike's Peak is among the most magnificent and extensive of all. At the base of the mountain lies the popular resort known as Manitou Springs. It is situated in a romantic depression, looking eastward upon the great plains. Beyond the Manitou Springs lie Colorado City and Colorado Springs. This locality has acquired a high reputation as a health resort for invalids troubled with asthma and other throat and lung difficulties, dyspepsia, liver-complaint, and general debility, who take up their residence here in order to escape the cold and moist climate of the Northern States. The winter climate is mild, the mean temperature for December, January, and February in the past four years at noon being forty-nine degrees, and at nine o'clock at night thirty-one and a half degrees. From the 1st of September until about the middle of May rain seldom falls, and the snows are light, and usually remain but a few hours on the ground. The air is exceedingly dry and exhilarating. The almost constant sunshine is one of Colorado's greatest charms.

The small picture shows Pike's Peak from the eastward, with the sun just sinking behind the majestic mountain mass.

## RUSSIAN INFANTRY.

ON the lower part of the preceding page will be found a spirited sketch showing the gallant service rendered by the infantry at the battle of Dzuranli. For a description of that conflict we refer our readers to the Supplement, where the story is repeated as told by an eye-witness. It is upon her indomitable infantry that Russia mainly relies for success in all warlike undertakings. From her population of eighty millions she is enabled to draw an almost inexhaustible supply of common soldiers, and in war there is certainly no argument more convincing than that of numbers skillfully handled; the organization, also, is conducted upon the most sagacious principles.

Speaking generally—for there are exceptions, such as the Guard and the Army of the Caucasus—each regiment was formerly allotted three battalions. Each battalion has four companies of the line and one of rifles, but the twelve rifle companies are generally formed into another battalion, so that a regiment practically has four battalions. The war strength of a regiment of three battalions is 3100, including officers, musicians, and non-combatants. Omitting non-combatants of all kinds, the actual number of fighting men should be nearly 2850, including officers. On a war footing a regiment of infantry has belonging to it for various purposes 174 horses. These have to be calculated for in making arrangements regarding food and equipment. There are more than 3000 human mouths and 174 equine ones to be provided for every day, in a country where there may hardly be a village for miles around, and where at the best of times there is little of any thing to spare.

Every infantry division has attached to it a brigade of field artillery. Each brigade consists of six batteries. Forty-four of the forty-eight brigades consist each of three nine-pounder and three four-pounder batteries. The other four brigades have three-pounder mountain batteries in place of mitrailleuses. The nine-pounder and the four-pounder batteries are armed, some with steel, some with bronze, breech-loaders. The so-called four-pounder throws a shell of twelve pounds weight, and the nine-pounder a shell of twenty-four pounds; but the charges are extremely small in comparison to the weight of the shot. Thus the initial velocity of the projectile is very slow, and the trajectory curved to a most undesirable extent. The mitrailleuse were introduced into the army during the war of 1870, before the German successes, at a time when a great mystery was made of these weapons in the French army, and before their effects in field service could be known. They are ten-barreled Gatlings, modified by General GORLOFF, of the Russian army. The breech can be moved sideways during the firing, so as to give a great lateral spread to the bullets.

The appearance of the Russian infantry when in marching order is imposing in the extreme. An English newspaper correspondent, witnessing the arrival of several battalions at an important point on the Danube, speaks of them as follows:

> "They came along in loose order, straggling all over the *chaussée*, at a pace close on four miles an hour—a long, dogged, steady tramp, clumsy to look at, but undeniably lasting. The rank and file in but few cases were tall men, but were burly square-set fellows, broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, but clean in the flanks, as I have noticed most Russians are. They wore a kepi of French shape, blue with red band round it, blue tunic, longer and looser in the skirts than ours or the German tunic, and had their loose blue trousers shoved into long boots, reaching over the calf of the leg, quite up to the knee. The knapsack was of the German pattern, neat-skin with the hair left on, badly carried by cross-belts over the chest. The rifle was the Berdan, and the men marched with fixed bayonets, although they carried bayonet scabbards. The Russian infantry-man carries no sword, as does his German comrade. His belts are of black leather, and so he escapes being a chronic victim to pipeclay. The *tente d'abri* was carried in three pieces, and every man carried his own kettle on the back of his knapsack. A certain proportion of the men carried intrenching tools, and nearly every one had some extra weight dangling about him. One a pair of new boots strapped on his knapsack, another a bundle containing—who knows what? a third a billet of wood for the camp fire, and so on. They carried their heavy brown great-coats rolled over the left shoulder in the same manner as the Germans do theirs. The detachment had marched some fifteen miles in heavy marching order, as I have described, with three days' rations in their haver-sacks, and not a man had fallen out. Each battalion was followed by two large wagons, drawn by four horses harnessed abreast, containing the baggage of the officers. There was an ambulance wagon, or rather a carriage, conveying the battalion surgeons' stores, instruments, and medical appliances, a couple of forage-carts, and this was all the train of two battalions marching to commence a campaign that, put the time as low as you will, must be measured by months. Of course I don't include ammunition-wagons in the train in this sense. The men looked hard, brown, and healthy. As they swung along with those great strides of theirs, they made light of their heavy kit, and sang with wonderful taste and great vivacity. In fine, I never saw soldiers in better condition and better heart for the varied phases of a campaign—marching, campaigning, and fighting."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MANY interesting facts are gleaned from the recent report of the superintendent of the dead-letter office, exhibiting the carelessness which exists among letter-writers. Over 3,000,000 letters were received at that office during the year ending June, 1877. Of these, 421,165 letters were properly addressed, but the sender had neglected to affix a stamp. Over 32,000 letters contained money, the amount being $51,957. This money is held in the dead-letter office for one year to the credit of the writer, but if not claimed at the expiration of that time, it goes into the United States Treasury. Nearly $1,400,000 was found in letters in the shape of drafts, certificates of deposits, bonds, and other paper representing money. Nearly all of these valuable inclosures were returned to their owners. There were over 260,000 letters that contained jewelry and other articles of value. Photographs were found in 27,000, and letter stamps in 38,000. A large proportion of these were sent either to the writer or to the person addressed.

A French chemist is said to have succeeded in producing a paint with which to illuminate the numbers on street doors at night. Figures traced with it shine so as to be read even in a dark night, and the preparation of the compound is said to be simple, inexpensive, and not injurious.

What shall be done with the city garbage, is a question which has vexed the municipal authorities with constantly increasing difficulties. A little care on the part of every housekeeper would tend greatly not only to the comfort and health of individual families, but to the whole community. An ordinary range will consume all the refuse of a family, without causing the least odor or difficulty of any kind, even in the fruit season, when such accumulations are the greatest. Burned in small quantities at a time, without allowing the refuse to accumulate, the house is thus freed from the pestiferous "garbage barrel;" and no one who has tried this plan will ever resort to the old method and the semi-weekly visits of the garbage collectors.

Winter came upon Mount Washington with the beginning of autumn—making a mistake, perhaps, as to time of year. One or two quotations from *Among the Clouds* (the little daily paper published at the summit) will give our readers an idea of the state of things early in September:

> "The first snow-storm since the 22d of June commenced at 8.30 Monday morning, September 3, and continued a greater part of the day. The wind blew at the rate of sixty miles an hour from the northwest, and the mercury fell to thirty degrees. The snow-line extends down to an elevation a thousand feet below the summit, above which the weather during Monday resembled that of November more than that of early September. To those who had not spent a previous season on Mount Washington, the first snow-fall at so early a day in the year was full of interest. The ice formations that commenced toward night were very beautiful, and unlike any thing seen in the valleys below at any time during the winter season....Snow-balling at the summit, Monday morning, was the principal source of amusement."

Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, and Venus are attracting much attention during the present month. All these planets are evening stars throughout September. Venus is growing brighter and brighter as the month advances, and stays longer above the horizon, while Jupiter is losing the prominence it has enjoyed during the summer months, for it is receding, and its brightness decreasing. Mars and Saturn both came into opposition with the sun during the early part of the month, and consequently have attracted the special attention of astronomers. Mars has acquired a new importance among the planets since the discovery of its three moons. Its comparatively near approach to the earth at the time of its opposition—having then been only about thirty-four millions of miles distant—made its situation most favorable for observation, and the rare opportunity had been most eagerly anticipated by scientific men.

Large contributions are now being made in England for the relief of the sufferers by famine in India. Up to August 24, the amount subscribed was $190,000, and every day brought large additions. The Bank of England gave $5000.

During the past year the British Museum has been visited by 709,009 persons—an increase over the number of visitors in any previous year, which shows its growing popularity.

According to the reports of travellers in Turkey and Russia, they seem to have very awkward ways of shoeing horses in those countries, compared with the simple method prevalent in America. In Turkey the horse's head is held by one man, another holds the leg, while a third operates on the foot. In Russia the horse is placed in a rough wooden cage and firmly strapped to cross-bars of the frame-work; his head is also tied, and the foot is fastened to a stake in the ground, and held by an attendant while the smith puts on the shoe.

An instance of remarkable ability was lately displayed by a little girl only ten years old, who took the entire management of a telegraph office in Mississippi during the illness of the regular operator. She sent messages and trains, and received orders for conductors from the train-dispatcher's office, without hesitation or delay.

Last June the Queen of Madagascar issued an edict emancipating the Mozambique slaves on that island. A treaty was made some years ago between Madagascar and the Western powers prohibiting the further introduction of slaves into that country from beyond the seas. That treaty has been continually violated; and now all the Mozambique slaves are liberated. It is believed that if this edict of emancipation is legitimately carried out, the country will immediately feel the good results in its commerce and industries. The queen's orders are that the late slaves receive a sufficient portion of land to enable them to support themselves properly; they are to receive advice and counsel, and help in cases of sickness. But they are expected to work well, and all idleness is to be discouraged.

The public libraries of New York city have recently been re-opened, after a month's vacation. This time has been usefully employed in a thorough examination of the shelves and alcoves, in order to supply missing volumes and to have old ones rebound. In most of these institutions the interior arrangements have undergone complete renovation, and increased facilities have been introduced for the comfort of visitors.

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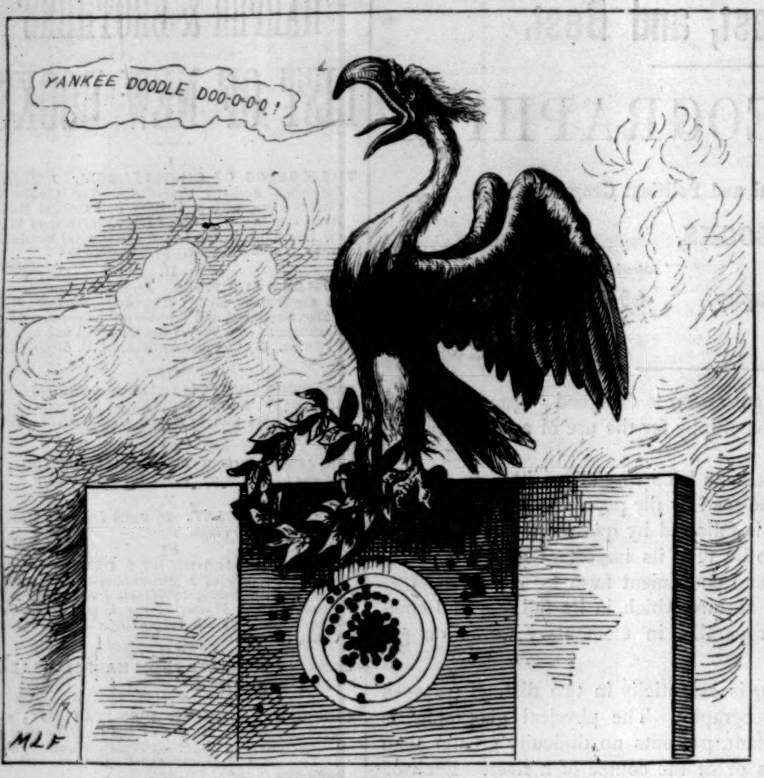

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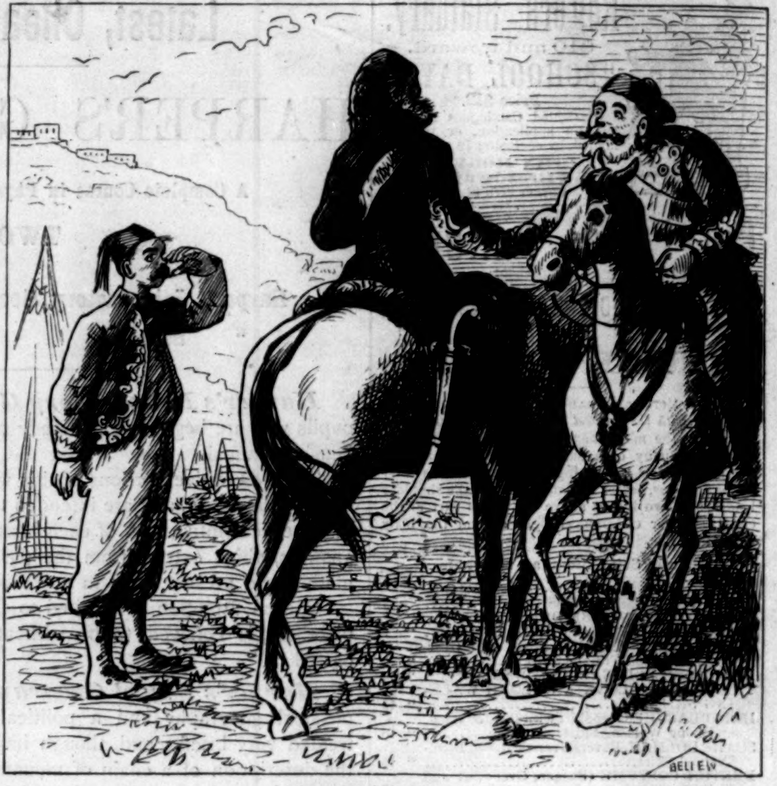

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## THE CONFLICT IN THE EAST.

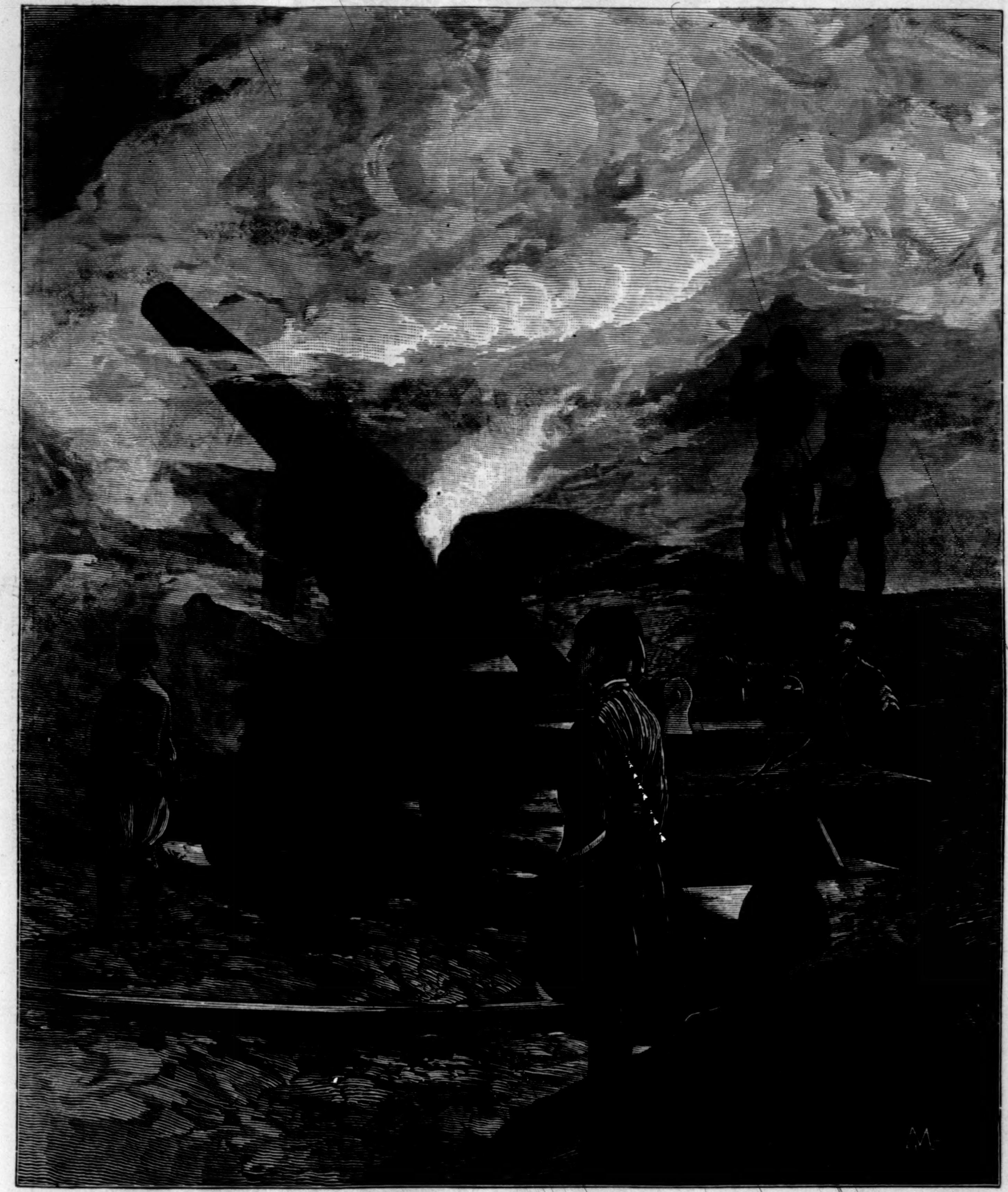
ON this page we give a striking sketch of the great gun from which was fired the last shot in defense of Kars before the Russians left the immediate neighborhood of that town on the 9th of July. The besieging army first appeared in the vicinity of Kars on the 28th of April. Between that and May 4 they succeeded in constructing a battery on the north side of Kars River. As its fire proved annoying, the Turks made a successful sortie on that day, and completely destroyed the battery, though they failed in capturing the guns. The next batteries were constructed on the south side of the river, and first opened fire at 12,000 yards. The distance was subsequently reduced to 5000 yards, this being the nearest approach made by the invaders. As soon as the first 5000-yard battery was completed, the Turks pushed forward a counter-battery of three guns, with one mortar, which they placed midway between the forts and the Russian works. This battery had the honor to incur the particular dislike of the Russians, which was manifested in a desperate attempt to capture it. In point of fact, the counter-battery was once taken, but the Russians had only time to remove the breech pieces of two of its guns before the Turks recaptured it.

Although there can not be said to have been a regular siege in the sense of an investment, the city was isolated for nearly three weeks, during which time the Turks made fifteen sorties, on a larger or smaller scale. The bombardment proper lasted twenty-three days, ending on July 7. During this time the Turks fired at the Russians 17,458 projectiles, ranging from 13-inch mortar bombs and 15-centimeter rifle shells to the projectiles of the 6-centimeter and the 9-centimeter field-guns. The Russians, through a comparison of the returns kept at the seven different forts, are estimated to have hurled against the city and its defenses 40,000 shells and bombs. The damage that resulted, however, was of little importance. No mischief was done to the forts or works, and the total number of killed and wounded among the Turks amounted to only 400 men. The latter had 350 pieces of position mounted in Kars, together with eighty in their field batteries. They also had 102 rifled guns. Of the whole Turkish artillery in position, from first to last, some eighty guns were brought to bear upon the enemy, but not, of course, simultaneously. Besides these, three field batteries were used in the sorties. The Russians had twenty-three siege-guns in position, the largest being KRUPP's, of 16½ centimeters calibre, or as nearly as possible 6½ inches. In addition to these there were also ten batteries, each containing eight field-guns, which discharged shot of six and nine pounds. The morning of July 8 opened without a shot from the Russian batteries, and it was only after a few shells came from the Turkish redoubts that a sullen fire was begun. Even this presently ceased, and about mid-day the besieging forces began preparations for withdrawing from their old positions. By night they had removed at least two miles, and the Turks lost no time in occupying the sites of their batteries.

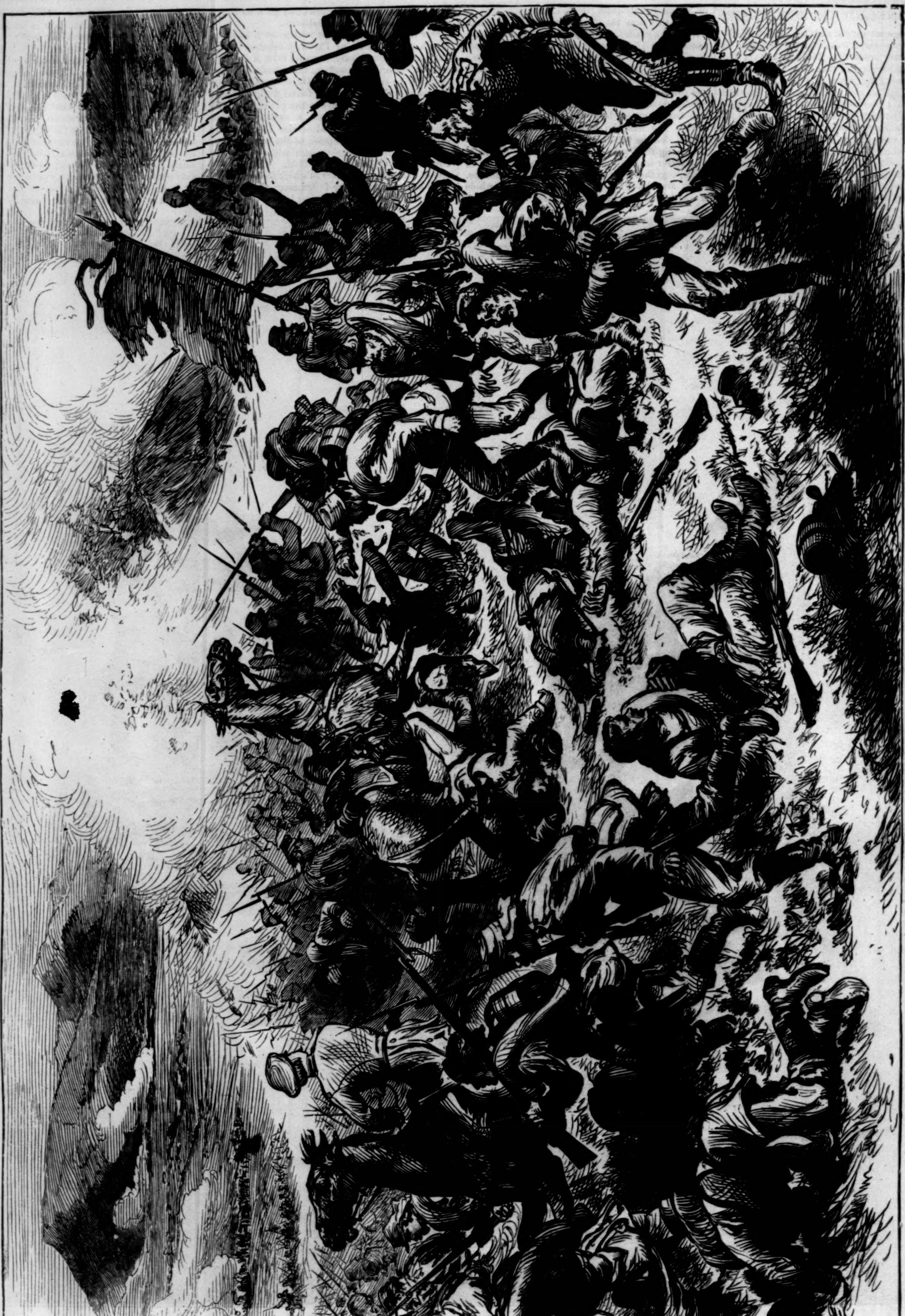
Our readers will perhaps remember a striking sketch of the battle of Plevna published in the last issue of the *Weekly*, together with a description of the series of conflicts that resulted so disastrously to the Russians. On the second page of this Supplement will be found a view of one painful incident that marked the progress of the battle. Colonel ROSENBAUM, a valiant German officer who had done good service to the cause of Russia since the inception of the present war, was struck by an enemy's ball while leading a charge, and expired on the field. This is only one of the many instances in which brave officers from other nations have fallen since the struggle between Muscovite and Moslem began. The Russians find great difficulty in procuring the necessary number of regimental officers. Although essentially a military nation, where all honor is paid to a uniform, the attractions of other and more profitable avenues of labor are every year luring more and more of the native Russian officers to change their hard-worked and ill-paid profession. Lieutenant-Colonel BRACKENBURY of the English army, in writing upon this subject at the beginning of the war, said: "Ere long the government will have to take very stringent measures, for now at least 5000 officers are needed, and principally in the scientific corps, whose members have been called away to construct and mend the new railways, roads, and bridges all over the country."

The pay of the Russian officers is wretched. That of a captain in the line is under $325 a year; that of a lieutenant only $165. A major-general receives $990 a year, and a full general $1500. These statements leave us little to be surprised at when we hear stories of government stores misapplied by the generals in command, of cartridges filled with sand instead of gunpowder, and of returns of clothing and materials signed, certifying the presence of articles which have no existence except on paper. The pay is manifestly insufficient to support the position of an officer. In time of war, however, there is a slight increase; and even in times of peace officers stationed in remote or expensive positions, or holding appointments, receive the war rate. Certain allowances are also given for lodgings, and officers holding commands receive an allowance for table-money. Officers of the Guards have higher pay, and also the advantage of brevet rank in each grade. An officer desiring to enter the Guards from some other position in the army is provisionally attached for six months, during which he is on probation. Promotion throughout the whole army is by seniority up to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and then by selection. About six weeks' leave of absence is given every year. Before a Russian officer is allowed to marry, he must deposit in the hands of the government 5000 rubles as a guarantee that he possesses sufficient means. Russian officers are never allowed to appear out of uniform.

Russia has four war schools for the training



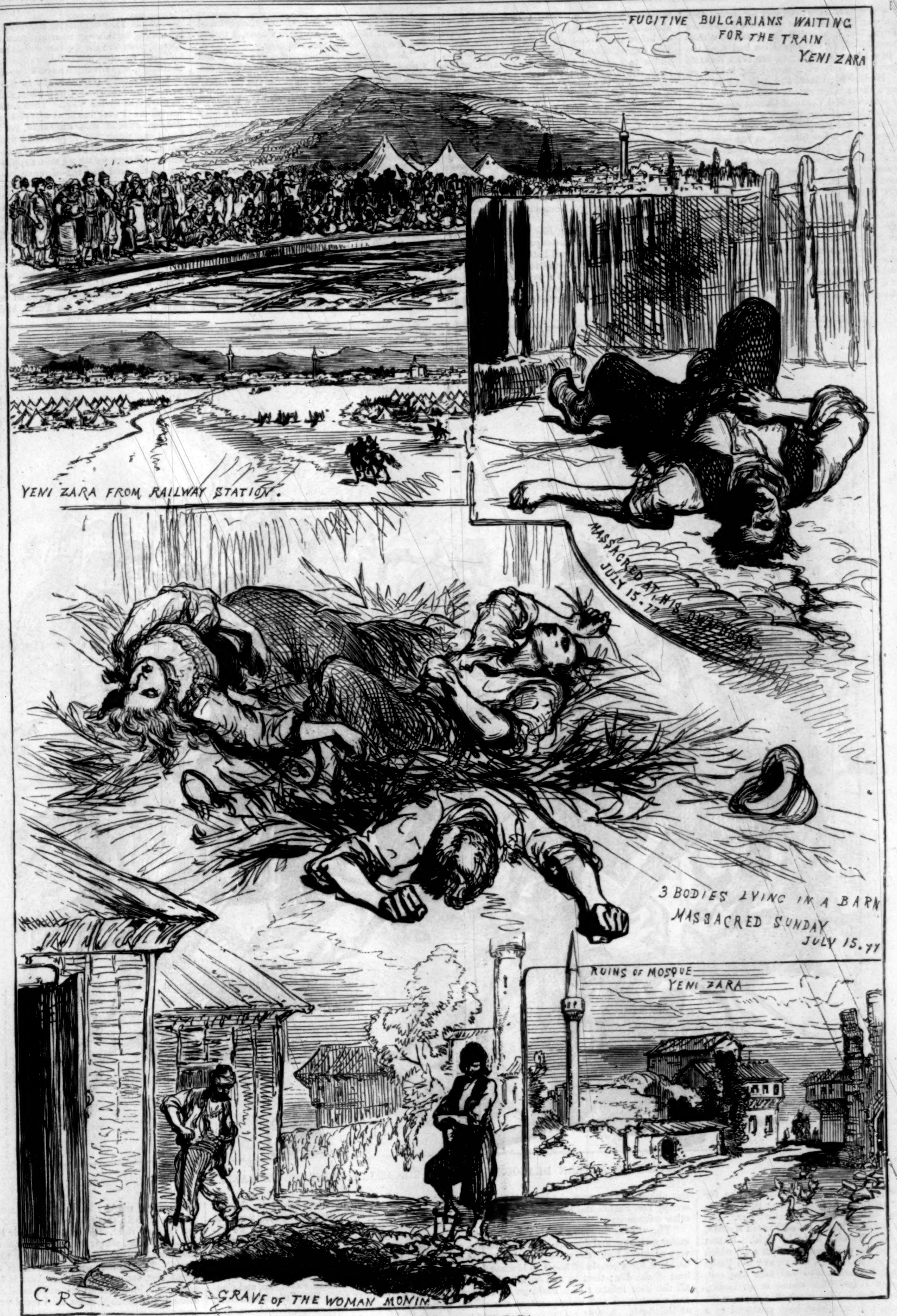
THE DEFENSE OF KARS—THE LAST SHOT FIRED.



AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA—DEATH OF COLONEL ROSENBAUM OF THE ARCHANGEL REGIMENT.

of officers for the army—the Paul War School and the Constantine War School at St. Petersburg, the Alexander School at Moscow, and the Nicholas School; this last is also at the capital. The first three are for the training of infantry officers, the fourth for the training of cavalry. Each of the infantry war schools contains 300 pupils, who are admitted between the ages of sixteen and twenty, on producing a certificate from the preparatory military schools or civil upper class school, or on passing an entrance examination. The pupils have the rank of cadet, and the course of education comprises the usual subjects taught in a military cadet college. The course is for two years, at the conclusion of which the students are appointed sub-lieutenants, ensigns or cornets, or cadets, according to the degree of proficiency they have obtained. Finland has a special cadet school of its own at Helsingfors. The pupils must be natives of Finland, and must pass a preliminary entrance examination. After a similar course of instruction to that given in military and war schools, they enter the army on the same conditions as the students from the war schools. There are usually about 120 cadets.

The most aristocratic school in Russia is the "Imperial Corps of Pages," established at St. Petersburg for the education of 150 court pages, who must all be sons either of the old nobility or of court chamberlains. The course of instruction is the same as in other schools, and the pupils are appointed ensigns or sub-lieutenants in the Guards or army, according to qualification. Each military district has its own cadet school, resembling very much the cadet schools of Austria. Candidates for these must have passed through an elementary military school, or must submit to an entrance examination. Non-commissioned officers of the army are allowed to enter these schools to qualify for commissions. The course of instruction lasts for two years, three months of each year being passed by the students with regiments of the army in order to add a thoroughly practical acquaintance with the profession to any theoretical knowledge that may have been gained at school. In these schools there are 3500 pupils. Next come the Michael Artillery War School and the Nicholas Engineer War School at St. Petersburg, which train candidates for the artillery and engineers respectively, the course of instruction being for three years. In addition to these schools, which are exclusively devoted to training young men for commissions in the army, there are schools for the higher professional education of officers. Yet with all her educational facilities, Russia can not keep her army supplied without calling upon other nations. Besides the reasons already mentioned—hard work and scanty pay—perhaps another source of difficulty is the one suggested by Mr. VINCENT,


FUGITIVE BULGARIANS WAITING FOR THE TRAIN YENI ZARA

YENI ZARA FROM RAILWAY STATION.

MASSACRED AT HIS OWN DOOR JULY 15. 77

3 BODIES LYING IN A BARN MASSACRED SUNDAY JULY 15. 77

RUINS OF MOSQUE YENI ZARA

GRAVE OF THE WOMAN MONIN

MASSACRES AT YENI ZARA.

the non-existence in Russia of a middle class possessing small means, but susceptible of cultivation, and endowed with patriotism. In England, France, and Germany, officers are supplied from the squirearchy, the *bourgeoisie*, the *Kleine Adel;* but in Russia there is no such intermediate class, or, at best, it is few in numbers.

From the death scene of the brave ROSENBAUM our pictures carry us to Yeni Zara, which, like many other Bulgarian towns, has recently been made the theatre of scenes too horrible to be fully described. Yeni Zara (or Saghra) is situated in the plain south of the Balkans, half-way between Eski Saghra and Yamboli, and on the branch line of railway connecting the latter town with Adrianople. Since the retirement of General GOURKHO within the shelter of the mountains, Yeni Saghra has become the head-quarters of the Turkish army of the Balkans. In this way the horrible scenes depicted in the sketch came under the personal observation of the artist who drew them. The three corpses, one that of a woman, found lying together in a barn, also that of another woman who had been outraged, slaughtered, and finally buried under a heap of manure in a farm-yard, and the body of a man killed at his own house door, where he stood in defense of his family—these ghastly witnesses to the worse than savage cruelty of the Sultan's irregular troops can not be denied.

The experience of the artists and newspaper correspondents who are travelling under the escort of the contending armies is enough to sicken men accustomed to the amenities of civilized nations even when at war with each other. The following report from the correspondent of the London *Times*, who made a circuit of Yeni Saghra after its occupation by the Turkish regular army, in order to observe what deeds of blood must be laid to the credit of their disorderly allies, the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, will show what fearful scenes these men are obliged to encounter: "As the town is cut up into hundreds of gardens, some very much overgrown with high weeds and thick shrubs, it is plainly no easy work to discover the graves unless you are taken to them. In a street called Osomano we found three bodies of men in a ditch or trench